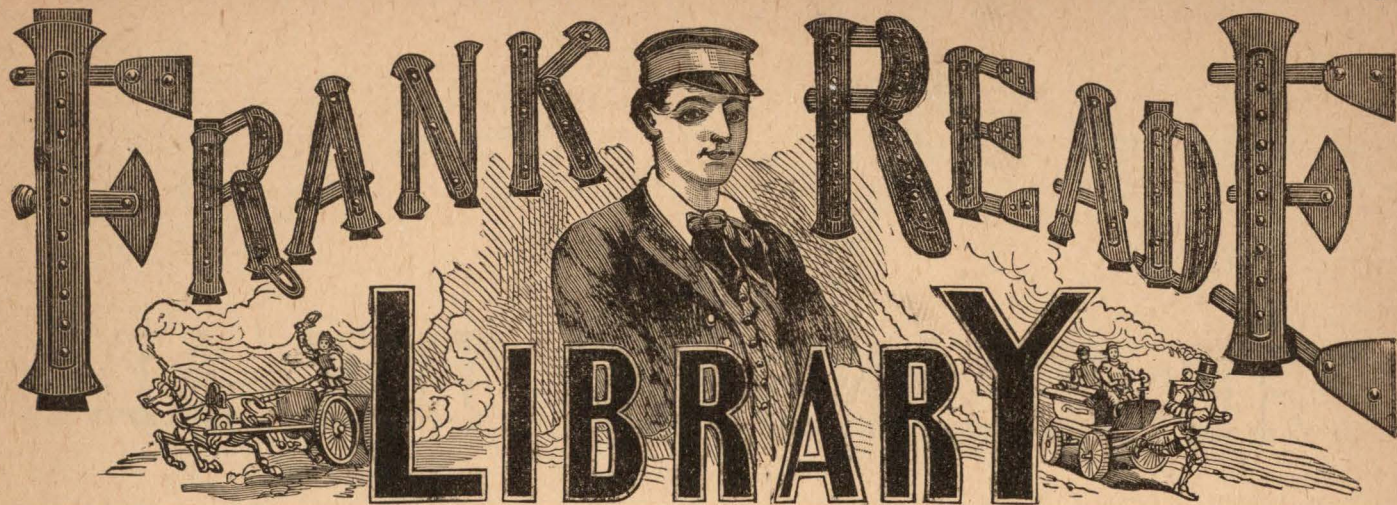


"Noname's" Latest and Best Stories are Published in This Library.



Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, October 5, 1892.

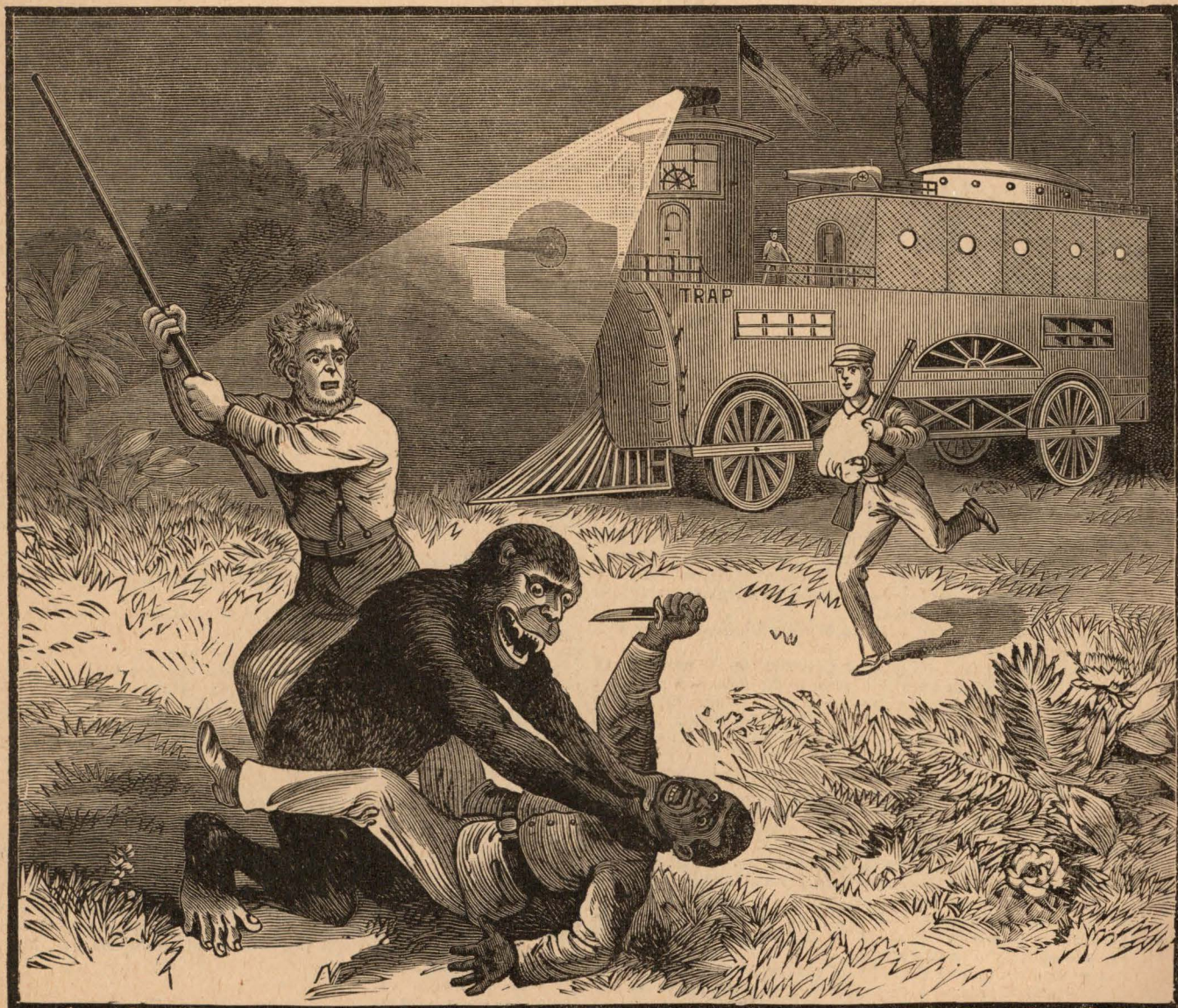
No. 133. { COMPLETE. } FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, NEW YORK. { PRICE 5 CENTS. } Vol. VI.  
New York, May 15, 1896. ISSUED WEEKLY.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1896, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

# The Island in the Air:

or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip to  
the Tropics.

By "NONAME."



Succor came to Pomp not a moment too soon. It would have quickly been too late. His assailant's claws were at his windpipe when Barney descended upon him like a whirlwind. The Celt dealt the unknown a terrific blow on the skull with a steel bar which he had picked up from the deck.



The subscription price of the FRANK READE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50; \$1.25 per six months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

# THE ISLAND IN THE AIR;

OR,

## Frank Reade, Jr.'s Trip to the Tropics.

### A MARVELOUS STORY OF THE RARAIMA PLATEAU.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "Across the Earth," "Along the Orinoco," "The Coral Labyrinth," "Over Two Continents,"  
"Across the Desert of Fire," etc., etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### DR. VANEYKE'S PROJECT.

By referring to a map one can find a range of high mountains far down in Venezuela, or properly that part of British Guiana claimed by the Venezuelans, known as the Raraima range.

Many strange legends and weird fantasies are entertained by the "Gringos," regarding these mountains. They are the subject of local song and story.

No human being has ever explored them. As a general thing, no man has dared to venture into these wilds, which are in the main also quite inaccessible.

What the Hartz mountains are to Germany, the Raraima peaks are to the superstitious and morbidly religious natives. If a Gringo mother wished to quell a wayward child she would threaten to send it to Raraima. If a pestilence entered the valleys of the Orinoco, it was due to the evil powers which dwelt in Raraima.

It was told that Raraima was a perfect wonderland. That there were streams which flowed over ledges of gold, cliffs studded with diamonds, a lake bedded with emeralds and many other wonderful things.

In a number of instances the cupidity of some hardy spirits had been aroused by these tales, and some adventurous ones had ventured to seek out the mountain El Dorado and despoil it of its wealth.

But that they never succeeded was certain, for they never returned to tell the tale of their journeyings.

One important and truthful fact was established, however, by several parties of English surveyors.

There existed a mighty table-land or elevation unlike any other in the world. It covered an immense area, being over one hundred miles in length and fully as wide in some parts. This "island in the air," as it was called, was far above the surrounding country; in fact, so much so that the dwellers in the valleys saw fleecy clouds often descend and kiss the elevation.

The most wonderful thing about the Table-land of Raraima was that it was utterly impossible to climb up to it. Upon all sides were sheer walls of granite, as smooth as a floor, and up which even no wild animal, however alert of foot or tenacious of grip, could climb.

This sheer wall of rock was in places fully three thousand feet high, and seldom less than one thousand feet. But far up on that island in the clouds there was vegetable and animal life and a climate necessarily cooler than that of the country below.

Waving palms and verdure-clad heights could be seen. Whether any pre-historic people or animals of an extinct species found a home there it was not safe to hazard a guess.

Yet it seemed not beyond the range of possibility that this plateau, probably beyond the reach of that destroying genius—man—yet held forms of flora and fauna peculiar to a past age. Perhaps the megathermi yet found a home there, or the ichthyosaurus, or the plesiosaurus, or some other outlandish and unknown creatures. The mere

thought of the thing, the faint possibility in itself, had been sufficient to fire one scientist's brain and arouse him to determined action.

Dr. James Vaneyke, the distinguished president of the Columbian Scientific Society, had sifted the matter carefully and arrived at a heroic conclusion.

What to him were the stories of hobgoblins and fiends, of weird shadows and awful monsters, so popular with the Gringos? He regarded them as mere vagaries—empty legends of an ignorant and superstitious people.

So he passed in silence over them and considered only a feasible way of reaching the summit of this most wonderful plateau in the world.

He took a trip to the Raraima region and made as extended a tour of exploration and investigation as it was safe for him to undertake alone. He at once became imbued with the fever to explore the "island in the air."

In his quandary he sat down and wrote a long letter to a very dear and distinguished friend of his in the United States, by the name of Frank Reade, Jr.

This was a young man and the most wonderful genius on the face of the globe. He was known as the inventor of the Electric Horse, the Steam Man, the Submarine Boat and many other wonderful things.

Readestown was his home, one of the prettiest little towns in the United States. Here were his machine works and here he perfected his inventions.

Dr. Vaneyke wrote him a long and glowing account of Raraima and its unexplored wonders.

"It will be the greatest feat of the age," he argued in conclusion; "only think of the benefit to science. Now you are the genius who can solve the enigma of climbing Raraima. Will you not undertake the project? Invent an air-ship, a climbing vehicle, anything by which we can get to the summit of the table-land. I shall be at Demerara in one week. Write me there, and I beg of you give this proposition your best consideration,

Yours always,

"JAMES VANEYKE."

When this letter reached Readestown Frank Reade, Jr., was in the act of having the last touch put upon his new overland "Trap," a marvelous production of his inventive genius, as we shall see.

He was indeed glad to hear from his old friend, the Professor, and read his letter with interest.

His first move after reading it was to touch a bell.

Instantly opposite doors into the room opened, and two men stepped over the threshold. One was a dandy, with gleaming ivories and dancing eyes. The other was a genuine specimen of the Celt, with a shock of red hair and a comical mug.

"Did yo' ring fo' me, Marse Frank?"

"Shure was it fer me, sor?"

"Barney and Pomp," said Frank, "come over here and sit down."

"A'right, sah!"



"It's done, sor!"

"I have something of importance to say to you. The Trap is quite finished and ready for equipments."

"Yis, sor!"

Pomp nodded his head.

"You will remember that some days ago we were discussing the question as to an objective point for a trip. We have crossed Asia once, traveled in Africa, and journeyed over the plains. The Trap is the best vehicle we have yet perfected, and I am desirous of visiting some wonderful and unexplored part of the earth with it. We were not able to decide at that time."

"Shure, that's thrue, sor," cried Barney; "have yez hit upon a plan, sor?"

"I think I have."

With this, Frank read the professor's letter. This made Barney and Pomp quiver with excitement and interest.

"Whurroo!" cried the Celt, "there's nothing better than a thrip to South Ameriky; shure, it's a foine idea!"

"Golly, I jes' flink dat takes de cake," cried Pomp. "I'ae wif yo' on dat, sah!"

"Well," said Frank, with a smile; "now it's in order for you to get ready; so be off with you, and do not fail to have all the supplies aboard and everything ready in a week."

"Shure, we'll do that, sor."

"Yo' may be sure ob dat."

Barney turned a handspring to the door, and Pomp followed on his hands. The two lively servitors vanished, and Frank took up his pen. Thus he wrote to Vaneyke:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR—I have digested the contents of your letter with a great deal of pleasure. To say that I am deeply interested would be a mild statement. I have no air ship at present, but I have just completed my 'Electric Trap,' a vehicle designed for rough traveling in a perilous country. I do not believe Raraima holds perils which we cannot safely meet on board the Trap. It will give me pleasure to accede to your plan and travel through Raraima, and I will make this suggestion and plan:

"You are to cable me immediately upon receipt of this letter; then I will pack the Trap in sections aboard a steamer for Demerara. There we may secure our passports, if that is necessary, and strike at once into the interior. So cable me via Havana as soon as you receive this.

"With my best regards, I am

"Yours faithfully,

"FRANK READE, JR.,"

In a few days the message came from Demerara as Frank expected. Then work was begun.

The Trap was so constructed that it could be taken apart and stored in sections in a steamer's hold.

Of course the project leaked out and hundreds of interested people called at the works to get a glimpse of the vehicle, or to catechise Frank.

But the young inventor with his customary reticence declined to make any explicit statement.

In due time the machine was safe aboard a New York steamer, and with Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp was en route for South America.

In due course also Demerara, the quaint little town at the mouth of the Essequibo river, was reached. Here the explorers went ashore.

At the quay they were met by a tall, fine-looking old gentleman of scholarly bearing.

"Dr. Vaneyke!" cried Frank. "I am overjoyed to see you!"

"I am so glad that you decided in my favor, Frank!" cried the enthusiastic scientist. "Why, I have not been able to sleep nights thinking about the project. It is grand!"

"We are all ready to start."

"First, let us go up and see the British governor and get our passports. A mere matter of form, you know."

No difficulty was experienced in this. Then the professor cried:

"But I am anxious to see this new invention."

"And you shall," replied Frank; "it is on the wharf now and we will at once proceed to put it together."

So back they went to the steamer landing. As Frank said the Trap in sections was on the wharf.

It was now in order to put the machine together and no time was lost in at once accomplishing this.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN SOUTH AMERICA.

For this purpose Frank had brought skilled workmen with him from Readestown. They were to return by the next steamer.

The Electric Trap was made almost wholly of thin but tough steel. The body was long and deep, and furnished with windows of plate glass. The travelers could sit in the main compartment of the vehicle and look out upon either hand.

The Trap sat upon a light but powerful frame, including the running work. The wheels were of steel with ball bearings and rubber tires. There was a nicety of adjustment equal to that of a bicycle.

Above the main body of the Trap there was a deck, guarded by brass railings, which extended forward to a kind of dasher. Just back of this dasher was the pilot house or steering tower of the machine.

The rear deck supported a cage-like structure of close network of wire which was bullet-proof. In this were loopholes, and from it a view in all directions could be had. There was a small quarter deck above it, on which was placed a gun of most wonderful construction and Frank's own invention.

It was a pneumatic dynamite gun, and unlike the ordinary cannon utterly in the matter of weight and method of propulsion.

It was but a thin steel tube with a compressed air chamber. The dynamite projectile was placed in the breech and hurled to easily a distance of half a mile by the action of the pneumatic chamber.

Impact caused the projectile or shell to explode with terrific effect.

The machine also boasted of an electric search-light of great power and range. This was placed on top of the pilot-house.

The interior of the Trap was divided into several compartments.

Forward and under the pilot-house were the dynamos and electric engines, which furnished the motive power of the Trap. In the pilot-house was a keyboard with various electric connections, by which the machine was operated.

The Trap was well stocked with provisions, with arms and ammunition, in fact all the necessary adjuncts for the hazardous trip before them.

Dr. Vaneyke was more than delighted with the Trap and its appointments.

"Indeed," he said, "it is just the thing for a journey into the interior of a wild region like Raraima. We may explore with impunity."

"You may feel perfectly safe aboard the Trap," declared Frank. "We could stand off an army, so long as we encountered no artillery."

"Then we are to start at once?" asked the doctor, delightedly.

"As soon as possible," replied Frank.

"I must go to the Hotel Colombo for my effects. It may require me a few hours to get in readiness."

"That is all right," replied Frank, "take your time. We will not be ready to set out for some while yet."

Away sped the doctor. Meanwhile the Trap was being rapidly fitted out.

This had drawn to the spot quite a crowd of wonder-struck natives. The Gringos were utterly unable to understand the character of the strange vehicle or the object of the travelers.

Frank did not feel called upon to enlighten any of them, so far aught we know it may yet remain a mystery with them to this day.

Within three hours the Trap was ready for the start.

Dr. Vaneyke returned, all ready for business. The workmen who were to return to the United States, via the West Indies, now took their leave.

"All aboard," cried Frank Reade, Jr., and a great cheer went up in reply.

Aboard the Trap Barney and Pomp sprang, the scientist being already aboard. Then Frank went to the key-board.

A firm pressure on the lever and the dynamos buzzed. The Trap moved forward into the main street of the town, and the journey was really begun.

Excited Gringos and even many of the English population followed the machine, mostly afoot, but some were in carriages and others on horseback.

Through the streets of the little town the machine quickly ran, and then came out upon the main highway. The open country now lay before them.

Along the banks of the Essequibo river, for a distance of fifty miles, the Trap ran.

They had now passed out of sight of any plantation or dwelling, and were in the verge of a tropical forest. The highway was becoming a mere trail.

"Another day's ride," said Frank, "and we shall be in the wilds. But I believe this is as good a place as we will find to cross the Essequibo."

"Then we shall cross here?" asked the scientist.

"Yes, but not until morning. Darkness comes on quickly in the tropics."

This well known fact was quite apparent. There was no other way but to wait for another morn.

"Begorra, I don't see how iver we are goin' fer ter cross at this spot," exclaimed Barney in amazement.

"Why not?" asked Frank.

"Shure sor, there's so much grass an' swamp, sor."

"We'll fix that all right," said Frank; "it will be easy."

"I must confess myself," said Dr. Vaneyke, "that I am somewhat at a loss to see how you are going to do it, Frank."

"Well," said the young inventor, "at an early hour to-morrow I'll show you."

"I shall wait with eagerness," replied the scientist.

But Pomp only chuckled.

"Golly!" he muttered, "don't yo' fret yo'sef. Marse Frank he know wha' he am about, yo' bet. Yo' kain't stump him not one lily bit."

The machine ran under the cover of a wide-spreading banyan. A chattering troop of monkeys fled into the branches.

Barney and Pomp amused themselves throwing sticks and clubs at these, to see them dexterously catch the object.

"Be jabbers, naygur," cried Barney in a chaffing way, "there's wan av them as black as ye are."

"Huh!" grunted the coon. "Dar am one hab got yo' face fo' a suttin fac'."

Frank and Vaneyke heard this and could not help a laugh for



the assertion was very apt. There was certainly a striking physiological resemblance.

This made the Celt mad.

Now if there was one thing the two delighted in, it was a rough and tumble or wrestle. For this reason there was hardly an opportunity lost for the nagging of each other as a means of provocation.

But here was sufficient motive.

"Be me sowl!" ejaculated the Celt; "do yez mane that fer an insult, yez black son av a say cook?"

"Yo' sulted me fus' off, sah," retorted Pomp. "I reckon yo' bettah not say much."

"Begorra I will that, an' in a way yez won't loike!"

"Huh! Yo' kain't hurt nobody, sah!"

"Bejabbers, we'll see!"

The Celt made a dive for the elusive negro.

But Pomp lowered his head and caught the other full in the pit of the stomach. Gasping for wind Barney sat down hard. For a moment he was at Pomp's mercy and the negro danced around him like a monkey.

The monkeys in the branches set up a loud hooting and chattering.

"Does yo' hear dat, sah?" jeered Pomp. "Dere dey am larfin' at yo' fo' a no good stuff!"

"Be me sowl! I'll have your skin fer that!" shouted the Celt, springing up and grabbing the dandy by the knees.

Both fell, and then ensued a lively struggle. Over and over the two jokers rolled, until an unlooked-for mishap occurred.

They failed to see a deep mud hole, toward which they were working. Frank shouted just too late. Into it they rolled kersplash.

When they crawled sputtering out, they were sober and a sight to behold as well.

It required an hour's hard work to clean the mud from their persons. For once they had come out even.

Darkness now settled rapidly down. Not but a little of the river could be seen over the tall growth of sawgrass.

A night in the tropics is always a trifle damp and prolific of fevers. So our voyagers retired early to rest.

The next morning at an early hour they were astir.

It was now that Frank was to show them how the river was to be crossed. Dr. Vaneyke in particular was much interested.

The Trap was so constructed that it would float in water without any particular harm to itself or its occupants. But the sawgrass was the great obstacle.

This covered a width of fully a quarter of a mile down to the water's edge. But Frank was not daunted.

He had seen what the others had not, and this was a narrow channel leading out through the expanse of grass. He sent the machine forward to the verge of this.

Then he went up on deck and placed a dynamite shell in the electric gun. This he trained upon the channel, and pressed the electric button.

The result was thrilling.

The shell struck about half way in the channel. There was a terrific roar and an eruption of water, grass and mud. Water rushed in from the river, and the channel was broadened to a width of twenty feet for a distance of many yards.

Another and another of the shells Frank fired until the entire channel down to the river's edge was wide enough for the passage of the Trap.

Dr. Vaneyke stared and rubbed his hands in excitement.

"By Haman!" he exclaimed. "You are a genius, Frank! I should never have thought of surmounting the difficulty in such a way as that."

"That was a simple method," replied the young inventor.

Then Barney and Pomp brought paddles from the cabin and fitted to the axles of the machine. Frank then let it slide down into the water.

A moment later it was floating down the channel toward the river with ease and safety.

### CHAPTER III.

#### RARAIMA—POMP'S ASSAILANT.

FORTUNATELY the other bank of the Essequibo was devoid of sawgrass so that the trouble of blowing a way to shore was avoided.

A good landing place was found and the Trap ran ashore. The paddles were removed, the wheels cleaned of mud and grass, and all was in readiness for the continuation of the journey.

Frank's method of overcoming obstacles was much admired by the doctor, who said:

"You are the man to explore Raraima and live to tell of it."

They now came to a series of plantations on the upper side of the Essequibo. For fifty miles or more there continued signs of civilization.

Then a mountain trail was reached, and here the travelers fell in with pack-trains and even gangs of men on foot who were en route to the gold fields.

All of these were naturally much astonished at sight of the Trap. It was a species of vehicle which they had never seen before.

From these gold-seekers our friends learned something about Raraima. The miners were amazed to learn that this was their objective point.

They predicted dire things for the venturesome travelers, at all of which Frank only smiled.

"They do not understand our resources," he said.

Up the long ascent, and over the mountain range the Trap made its way. Progress was necessarily slow on account of the character of the ground.

But once at the highest point of this watershed, a glimpse of the region to the northward was had. A great cry went up.

There, stretching in a long, dim, hazy line, and far above them, was the precipitous mountain wall of the great Raraima plateau.

"Grand!" exclaimed Frank, involuntarily. "Far beyond my most sanguine expectation!"

"Is it not?" cried Professor Vaneyke, excitedly. "Did I paint too exaggerated a picture?"

"Never!" replied Frank rapturously, "it is simply grand. But how far distant?"

"Seventy miles?"

"I should judge about that. I am confronted by one serious problem."

"Ah!"

"I realize more than ever that we should have come here with an air-ship. How to get the Trap up there is a question."

"Do you think it is going to be a serious question?" asked the scientist anxiously. "We will not fail!"

"Fail?" exclaimed Frank. "Well, I think not. By hook or by crook we will certainly get up there. We will find a way."

"Judging from your usual method of surmounting obstacles, I have no fear you will overcome this."

"I will try."

Below them lay a long and beautiful valley. There were mesas in the far distance where were the gold fields and the destination of the miners.

Ordinarily this would have claimed the interest and attention of the travelers, but now the wonders of Raraima lay before them.

It was necessary now to diverge from the gold trail, and strike directly into the mystic wilderness, so awesome and dreadful to the Gringos.

From this moment thrilling adventures befell the party with marvelous rapidity.

Down long reaches the Trap sped, and as they descended, every moment Raraima seemed to grow higher and more imposing.

They were entering upon a veritable wonderland. The forests were high arched, and while clear below were a complete bower of clinging vines and foliage above.

Among these leafy arcades monkeys and paroquets played with great din and zest. Emerging from the forest, a grassy interval would be next in order, where there were treacherous quags and bog holes. It was necessary to be constantly on the watch.

Barney officiated at the wheel most of the time. He was quick and skillful and succeeded well in evading pitfalls.

Thus the Trap kept on at various rates of speed for another day.

When nightfall came it seemed as if the "island in the air" was towering right over them—though it was yet fifty miles away.

Frank and Dr. Vaneyke fell to studying it with their glasses.

"On my word," declared the young inventor, "I had no idea that it was such a mighty work of Nature. What sheer walls of granite! It is true that not even a mountain goat could climb them!"

"Just so!" cried the scientist; "we have work before us, Frank."

"That is true!"

"It will cost us an effort to get up there, eh? It is a feat well worthy our ability, eh?"

"I am not sure that we shall succeed," said Frank; "do you know that the wall is everywhere as inaccessible?"

"It is said to be so."

"The first and only move that we can make, as I see it, is to first examine the wall upon all sides."

"It will require a journey of fully three hundred miles to encircle the plateau."

"It matters not," said Frank, resolutely; "that must be our first move. Unless swamps or jungles interfere we shall succeed."

Pomp was in the galley preparing the evening meal on his electric stove. The vehicle was safely ensconced in the edge of a leafy bower among the trees.

Twilight was at hand, and fast giving way to darkness. Everything was safe and snug aboard the Trap, and the adventurers were in good spirits.

Barney turned on the electric lights as soon as the darkness came on. It illuminated the vicinity, and made a beautiful scene.

After doing justice to Pomp's excellent cooking, all sat out upon the forward platform.

The air was balmy and still.

Barney brought out his Irish fiddle and Pomp his banjo, and made lively music for a time.

Thus far the trip was a glowing success.

"We have seen no hobgoblins as yet," laughed Frank; "and, indeed, no peril of any consequence. I am inclined to believe these Gringos an absurdly imaginative set."

"Wait," said Vaneyke significantly; "we have not seen the worst of it yet. There will be enough of danger to keep us occupied, I'm thinking, from now on."

The scientist's words were remembered in after days. They were singularly prophetic.

At about the hour of eleven Frank and the doctor retired to their bunks, which were hammocks slung under the after netting.



It was arranged that Pomp should watch the first half of the night and Barney the latter.

Now if there is a superstitious being in the world it is a negro, and Pomp was no exception.

As soon as he was alone on deck the coon began to walk up and down, keeping a sharp watch in all directions.

Every shadow in the forest depths assumed to him a weird shape. Every sound had a fantastic meaning.

An hour passed.

It was now after midnight, and the darky, wearied with straining his gaze in the gloom, had relaxed his vigilance somewhat.

So intent had he been upon keeping watch of the forest depths about that he had quite forgotten the leafy arcade above him.

He was wholly unaware of a huge human-like form which hung up there in the branches directly above him.

Keen, glinting eyes, and a double row of fangs shone in the electric light. Long, bony fingers clutched the clinging vines, and the alert, sinewy form was all on the qui vive.

Suddenly Pomp stood still.

He had heard a queer hissing noise, but was not quite sure where it came from.

Something soft tumbled down upon his shoulders. It fell about him and he saw that it was a long vine.

Instinctively he glanced upward, and as he did so he gave a thrilling cry.

Down the long rope-like vine the sinewy form with the awful eyes was coming with the swiftness of a flash.

He had not even time to make a move out of the way when it was upon him. What followed was a terrible experience.

Keen fangs were plunged into his shoulder, a snarling growl filled his ears and the darky felt talon fingers at his throat.

Just in time he pulled them away and then grappled with his unknown assailant.

Over and across the platform they rolled and against the slight brass guard rail.

Beneath such a shock it gave way and they went off and down upon the ground.

The coon found that his unknown foe was more wiry and strong than he was, and that he was getting the best of him. So he let out lusty shouts for help.

Pomp had been unable to make use of either his rifle or pistol, so sudden and terrific had been the attack.

But now with a superhuman effort he managed to unsheath his knife. He made one blind stroke at his lithe foe, when light and reason left him.

Pomp's cries had necessarily aroused the others on board the Trap. Frank and Dr. Vaneyke sprang confusedly out of their hammocks, and Barney came rushing out of his den.

"Whurroo! Phwat the divil is the matter?" he shouted. "Shure phwere is the naygur?"

"I distinctly heard him cry for help," declared Frank.

"He did," answered Vaneyke.

Then sounds from the ground below, some distance away, froze their blood with horror. They were snarling cries and hisses.

"Heavens!" shouted Frank, "some wild beast has him."

"Quick! We must save him."

Barney was the first over the rail.

He saw two struggling forms on the ground. One fell back senseless and the other leaped at his throat.

In the Celt's eyes Pomp's assailant was some wild man of the woods.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OUT OF THE FIRE.

SUCCOR came to Pomp not a moment too soon. It would have quickly been too late.

His assailant's claws were at his windpipe when Barney descended upon him like a whirlwind.

The Celt dealt the unknown a terrific blow on the skull with a steel bar which he had picked up from the deck.

The creature reeled with a yell of mortal agony, made a spring for Barney and then fell in a heap.

The blow was a fatal one.

"Whurroo!" shouted the Celt, "bad cessa to the omadhoun! Shure, I've foixed him this time."

Then he raised Pomp's head. A dash of water in the face brought the darky to his senses.

"Shure, he's not badly hurt," cried Barney, with delight.

"No," cried Frank, with relief, "he will be all right soon. Eh, Pomp?"

"Golly fo' glory!" muttered the coon, as he sat up. "Neber was so broke up in mah life! De debbil had me!"

"Begorra, I'm afther thinkin' he's roight, sor," averred Barney; "it's a quare creature anyway."

The unknown foe was now more closely examined. A powerful hairy body was surmounted by a brutish skull and features.

The resemblance to a human being was remarkable and beyond description. But it was easy now to recognize the creature's true character.

"It is a powerful species of ape related to the gorilla," declared Dr. Vaneyke, then he rattled off a lot of scientific formulae.

There was good reason for mutual congratulations on the outcome of the affair. Pomp was certainly in luck.

There was no more sleep for any on board that night.

Nor indeed was the Trap allowed to remain longer in safety where it was. As they clambered upon the deck the attention of all was claimed by a peculiar distant sound.

"Golly," exclaimed Pomp, "wha' in de world was dat?"

"Begorra, it sounds loike distant thunder," averred Barney.

Frank and Dr. Vaneyke listened intently.

"I call it rushing waters," said the scientist, "but what can have started them? We ought to have heard them before."

"The wind—"

"Impossible! The wind is in the same quarter. Ah, what is that?"

A loud crashing was heard in the undergrowth, and several terrified wood deer went tearing by. Then came a patter patter upon the leaf carpet of the forest like the fall of hail, and an immense drove of pecararies or wild hogs passed.

In a few moments other animals followed by the hundreds.

Chattering monkeys came tumbling out of the trees, and the air was filled with shrieking birds.

What could it mean?

What was the cause of all this clatter and uproar, this confusion and mad terror?

"A tornado!" suggested Frank.

"A flood!" declared Vaneyke.

But Barney suddenly began to sniff the air.

"Bejabers, I shmell shmoke!" he declared; "it's a foire somewhere!"

Like a flash the truth burst upon the whole party. For a moment they were dazed.

A forest fire and at that hour. That they were in its path there was no doubt.

To be sure they were near the open plain, but the fire would not stop here.

The plain was covered with matted grass which would make a terrific blaze beyond doubt. Yet it was the only avenue of escape left. There was no time to lose.

The fire was traveling at a terrific rate of speed. Already the dull glow on the sky overhead could be seen and sparks came drifting along.

The searchlight showed a pathway across the savanna beyond and out upon this the vehicle rolled. Frank was at the wheel.

On went the Trap at a terrific rate of speed.

Clear of the forest now the line of the fire could be plainly seen. It presented a terrifying spectacle.

It extended in a fearful blazing line for miles along the base of Rairaima. The wind was sweeping it down upon the savannas with furious speed.

That the position was one of extreme peril there was not the least doubt.

Frank's face wore an anxious expression. He kept the Trap going as fast as the nature of the ground would allow.

Vaneyke stood close beside him and watched the situation. He was not a little disturbed himself.

"What could have started such a fire?" he asked. "It comes from the direction of the unexplored region."

"That is hard to understand," replied Frank; "however, we may be able to learn sometime if we are lucky enough to escape it now."

"Do you think we shall accomplish that by outrunning it?"

"I am fearful that we shall not be able to outrun it."

The scientist gave a start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed, "to be overtaken is death!"

"I know that," said Frank grimly.

"Then you think our fate is sealed?"

"No," replied Frank, "for I have another plan, a very simple and usual one. I think we might as well adopt it!"

"A counter fire?"

"Just that!"

Frank brought the machine to a halt. Hastily he drew from a locker a long coil of wire.

He paid this out over the rail and then started the trap away at right angles.

The wire was quickly connected with the dynamos. It was of sensitive material and as the powerful current bounded through it, it turned to a white heat.

Trailing through the dry grass this live wire soon had a line of fire following swiftly in the wake of the machine. In a short while full a quarter of a mile was thus covered.

This started a long line of fire across the savanna. The speed at which it ran was terrific.

In a very few minutes full a half mile of space had been swept clean, and was a smoldering black expanse.

The Trap now fell in behind this line of fire.

Safety was now assured.

The counter fire swept on until the banks of a river were reached. The fire in its rear spent itself at the verge of the burnt savanna.

By the time all this was accomplished, the morning light was at hand.

It was a welcome moment when the sun swung high above the horizon. Then the full extent of the fire was seen.

It had started some twenty miles distant in the verge of a rocky region, and had swept a vast tract of plain forest and savanna.

Only the banks of the winding river, a tributary of the Essequibo, had stopped its course.

As the burned tract was directly in the path of the Trap and our



travelers, they proceeded to cross it. The fire had accomplished one fact.

It had made progress easier in the forest, for the underbrush and vines were cleared away, so that the travelers were able to proceed more rapidly.

Before noon the burned tract had been covered.

They were now not ten miles from the sheer walls of Raraima. The aspect presented was a wild one.

The region at the base of the plateau was rocky and rough. Great boulders were piled up in profusion.

Up to the very base of the plateau the Trap ran.

It was a stupendous thing to reflect upon—this island in mid-air.

High up on those walls of granite was an unexplored world.

The height was a dizzy one, and the smooth palisaded rock afforded not a visible foothold.

Frank Reade, Jr., studied the walls of the great plateau for a long while. Then he shook his head.

"If it is as steep as this on all sides," he said, "there is no hope of our ever reaching the island in the air. But we will hope for better things."

"I fear that you will not find any portion of it feasible for ascent," said the doctor.

"Indeed! then I have made a serious mistake. I had ought to have come here in an air-ship."

"So I fancied!"

"However, we will make the best of it. If it is possible to in any way make the ascent, we will do it before we leave Raraima." Barrey executed a shuffle.

"Begorra, Misther Frank will find a way to do it," he declared. "Yez may be sure av that."

"Yo' kin bet yo' possums on dat," agreed Pomp.

The Trap now kept along the base of the plateau while the travelers with powerful glasses nearly cramped their necks studying it.

And the more Frank studied it the more eager he was to reach the summit of this marvelous structure.

Dr. Vaneyke gave a plausible explanation of the creation of the plateau.

"In some past age, long before the flood," he said, "the rest of the region hereabouts may have been on a level with the plateau."

"But some mighty revulsion of the earth's crust no doubt has caused it to sink and leave these solid walls standing. Water probably flowed all about them once. Gradually it subsided, leaving these valleys and rocky hills."

"It may be that the summit of this plateau escaped the deluge, and that there may exist there certain forms of animal life extinct elsewhere on earth. If so, a great end will have been gained for science if we can establish that fact."

"Good enough!" declared Frank. "We will not give up the attempt without an effort. However, I cannot help wishing that we had an air-ship."

The words had barely left his mouth when a thrilling thing happened.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE INCAS.

BARNEY, who was on the platform, gave a loud cry of alarm. But the sound had not died out on his lips when all was over.

Far upon the plateau wall, there was a huge rock which suddenly became dislodged and fell. Down it came with a terrific rush.

It seemed in a direct line with the Trap.

For one swift instant it seemed certain to strike the vehicle, and our adventurers gave themselves up for lost. But it struck not two feet in front of the Trap.

The dust and particles of the stone flew up against the pilot house and dasher.

But no further harm was done.

"Mercy," gasped Vaneyke, "that is as close a call as I care to see."

"Whew!" exclaimed Frank. "I was sure that we were done for."

"Begorra," cried Barney, "I saw the big sthane afore it iver got loose from the ledge, an' sez I to meself, it's comin' fer us. Shure we niver got out av the way a moment too soon."

But a miss is as good as a mile and the incident was soon forgotten in the whirl of events which now came crowding upon each other.

Thus far not a sign of human being had been seen.

Indeed Frank had begun to form the opinion that the region was free from the class of native Indians who are dangerous foes in the South American wilds.

But now of a sudden there appeared to the gaze of the adventurers a startling sight.

Out upon the spur of the mountain wall there suddenly swarmed a score of giant forms.

They were men of enormous physique and stature, half naked and decked with the trappings peculiar to the Indians of South America.

They were directly over a small pass through which it was necessary for the vehicle to go. They were armed with heavy clubs and spears and blow-pipes. These latter were said to throw poisonous darts.

Instinctively Frank slackened the speed of the Trap. He even brought it to a complete stop.

"Indians!" he exclaimed. "Then Raraima is inhabited by human beings?"

Vaneyke was all excitement.

"What magnificent specimens!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose that they are an offshoot of the ancient Incas of Peru?"

"That I am unable to inform you, but it is certain that they are giants. Perhaps their real home is in the island in the air."

The giant Indians were more astonished, it is safe to say, at sight of the Trap, than the adventurers were at sight of them.

They stood gazing at it in a dazed sort of way.

Indeed, the doctor could not help a laugh.

"They are struck dumb as well as we. What shall we say to them, Frank?"

Frank, by way of answer, stepped out on the forward platform, and made a signal to the savages.

This nearly convulsed Vaneyke.

"Come back for the love of Heaven, Frank!" he cried. "They will be almost certain to give you one of those poisoned darts. It would be death."

"I shall risk it," said Frank. "It is the only way to make friends with them."

To the surprise of the scientist the Incas—for such, for the want of a better name, we will call them—made an amicable signal in reply.

"Why, that is strange!" cried the doctor. "They are actually inclined to meet us in a friendly spirit."

"Is that not common?" asked Frank.

"By no means. They have utterly no love for the white people. I speak of the race at large."

"Well," said Frank, "these fellows seem friendly, and I think we had better treat with them."

"By all means."

The Incas now advanced with much caution and curiosity. Not until they were within speaking distance did they stop. Then Frank spoke to them.

They made a reply in a strange tongue. The young inventor repeated his query in Spanish.

Then he tried French. But it was evident that the Incas could speak nothing but their own tongue.

As Frank could not speak this, matters seemed at a stand still.

But there was one universal language. This was sign talk. The young inventor bethought himself of this.

He pointed to the east and then to himself. By this the Incas understood that he came from that direction. A tall leader of the band made reply by pointing to the west.

Then Frank knew that they were really a branch of that Andean race which was once so mighty and powerful, and which the treachery and rapacity of the Spanish adventurers had destroyed.

Dr. Vaneyke was, of course, deeply interested, and made copious notes. Here was a revelation of great value to science.

After much trouble Frank was enabled to open quite a comprehensive system of sign talk with the natives. This resulted in considerable information of much value.

The Incas seemed to have a superstitious veneration of Raraima and in pointing to it, always bowed their heads as if to a deity. It was evidently to them as much a mystery as to the white travelers.

The natives regarded the Trap with utmost wonderment. It was to them a great mystery.

They were disposed to be exceedingly friendly, and soon Frank had so far gained their confidence that they became quite communicative.

The young inventor allowed their leaders to come aboard the Trap and he showed them all over it. They were completely captivated and expressed their delight in the most childish fashion.

Frank made them a few simple gifts and this at once welded the bond of friendship. The giant leader of the Incas, whose name was Ilulo, fairly embraced Frank, then by gestures intimated that he was wholly at his command.

Seizing this advantage, Frank proceeded to ask all manner of questions about the plateau! Whereupon Ilulo gave him many valuable facts.

None of the Incas had even ascended the plateau, but one day a strange object was seen to fall over the verge and down to the rocks beneath. By the time the unknown was reached life was extinct, as might well have been expected.

But the body was that of a man with a reddish hue of skin, handsome, regular features, and dressed in a half-barbaric fashion, unlike any custom of the country about.

That the strange man was one of a race which inhabited the plateau, there was no doubt.

This information was to our adventurers thrilling enough. It settled one important fact.

This was that the plateau was inhabited and by human beings. Here was another motive for exploring it.

"Oh, I wish I had an air-ship!" groaned Frank. "I don't see why I did not come hither with one!"

"Be jabbers it's yesilf as will find a way to git over that," averred Barney, confidently.

"You are confident, Barney."

"Shure, sor, I never saw yez git sthuck yit. Divil a bit!"

"Well," said Frank, determinedly, "I have no idea of giving up the attempt. If it is possible to get up there we will do it!"

The Incas declared that they had traveled everywhere around the big plateau, and on all hands it was just as inaccessible as here.

Frank decided therefore to make his attempt right here. He moved the vehicle along nearer to the base of the precipice.

Looking up it was a stupendous distance. It fairly made one dizzy. Yet Frank said:

"One of us must go up there on a rope."



"On a rope!" exclaimed Dr. Vaneyke.

"Yes!"

"But—how will you get your rope up there?"

"Oh, we will find a way," replied Frank, "but who will have the nerve to try the feat?"

"Begorra, count me in on that, sor," cried Barney. "I'll cloimb to the moon if yez say so!"

"Stop and think," admonished Frank; "it is a good ways up there."

"Shure, sor, I'm an old sailor."

"Ah, but climbing to a mast's head is child's play compared with this, be sure. Then there is the possibility of the hold secured by the rope not being a good one."

"Bejabers, I'll risk anything," cried the Celt; "give me a chance, sor."

Frank knew that Barney was a first rate climber, and that there was no reason why he should not be able to carry out the scheme so far as nerve went.

"Hoi' on, Marse Frank!" cried Pomp. "Wha' am de mattah wif me tryin' dat lily game?"

"Two volunteers already!" laughed Dr. Vaneyke. "You may put me down as a coward if you will, but I would never try such a daring feat."

"Nor I, unless necessity demanded it," declared Frank; "but Barney spoke first, so we shall have to give him the first chance."

"First to get the rope up there," said Dr. Vaneyke, incredulously.

"We will try," said Frank.

He studied the verge of the plateau and made out a mighty tree which seemed to jut out over the edge. He decided to try and throw a rope over this.

The difficulty of such an attempt can hardly be imagined.

Twenty-five hundred feet up in air is a mighty distance. But Frank elevated the muzzle of the pneumatic gun and drew the sight carefully over the trunk of the tree.

Then he placed a projectile from which the explosive material had been taken in the gun.

To this projectile was attached a slender string which lay in coils upon the deck. The theory was to throw the projectile over the tree trunk and when it should descend it would necessarily bring the string with it. In this way communication would be in a state of beginning at least with the island in the air.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BARNEY'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

It would next be easy to draw a heavier cord up and then the rope. Then Barney would be given a chance to test his nerve and grit.

Frank made all arrangements carefully, sighted the gun, and stood ready to press the electric button which would discharge the gun.

The Incas were grouped near, waiting the action of the white men. Vaneyke and Barney and Pomp had their eyes fixed on the tree.

Frank lost little time.

He had trained the gun as true as possible. He drew a deep breath and pressed the button.

Ping! Whish!

Up like a flash sailed the long line, and in a mere breath of time it was seen coming down again.

Frank was chagrined.

He had missed the mark.

The projectile had passed just under the tree. The string came floating down and the projectile charged against an angle of the wall of stone far above.

"Missed it!" cried Dr. Vaneyke; "it was a close one though."

"It might as well have been a mile," said Frank in disgust; "pick up the line, Barney and Pomp."

"All roight, sor!"

The line was quickly brought aboard again. Then once more a projectile was placed in the gun.

Again it was trained and this time at a little better elevation. Once more the gun was discharged.

Up sailed the cord.

This time the travelers gave a hearty cheer. It had passed clean over the tree.

The projectile came clanging down. Frank ran forward and picked it up. Then he began to haul up the shorter cord.

Up it went, and the rope after it. There it hung dangling in the air for a height of twenty-five hundred feet.

Then Frank turned to Barney with a smile.

"Now, my friend," he said, "there is your opportunity to distinguish yourself."

"Shure, sor, I'm afther being ready."

The Celt had stripped off his coat and now began to go up the rope like a monkey. Up and up he went until he was at a dizzy height.

"Mercy!" cried Vaneyke, "that is a very venturesome thing to do. If he looks down now he will fall."

A shudder ran through the group of watchers. Barney was now fully a thousand feet in the air.

The strain of the climb was beginning to tell on him. But he managed to relieve it.

In the face of the cliff he saw a niche. Into this he crept for a moment of rest.

Then the plucky fellow had the hardihood to look down and wave a salute to his friends below.

Barney did not tarry long, however, but once more began his upward pull.

"I don't know," said Dr. Vaneyke, with a gasp, "but it seemed to me that tree swayed just then. What if it should give way?"

A light of horror was in Frank's eyes.

"We will not think that," he said.

Up and up went Barney. It was a mighty effort of the physical powers. But he kept on.

Now he was within reach of the tree trunk. It seemed an age ere he had clambered on to it.

But he did, and then stood upon the verge of the plateau. Barney O'Shea was the first traveler to set foot upon the summit of Raraima.

He leaned over the verge and signaled those below. Then he disappeared from sight.

"Now," said Frank, "here goes for the next one. I don't see, Pomp, but that you must remain with the machine."

"A'right, sah!"

"Doctor, Barney and I will pull you up."

The scientist drew a deep breath.

"Of course, there is no safer way," he said. "Well, I shall be ready, for I must reach the summit of Raraima if it takes a leg."

Frank took hold of the rope and began to mount upwards.

He was an athletic young man and had no trouble whatever in climbing the rope.

Up he went lightly until one hundred feet from the ground. Then a wild and startling cry went up from those below.

"Look out, Frank!" shouted Vaneyke, "the tree is giving way!"

But Frank saw this as well as his friends. Instantly he slid down the rope; he was not a moment too soon.

He reached the ground and instantly sprang into the pilot house. Round came the lever and the Trap sprang forward.

It was not a moment too soon.

The great tree slowly inclined outwards. Some loose gravel came first, then a number of bowlders and next the tree itself.

It fell with a terrific crash upon the spot where the Trap had been. Had Frank not moved it forward, it would have certainly crushed it.

There lay the tree and the long rope under it. It was an appalling situation.

The travelers looked at each other aghast.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Vaneyke; "that is a misfortune!"

"Confound the tree!" muttered Frank. "Why couldn't it have held? I would now be up there with Barney."

"Yes," said the doctor, with a shiver; "but how will Barney ever get down now? It looks as if he was bound to stay there."

Frank was silent a moment. He was doing some thinking.

Along the verge of the plateau, no other object which would support a rope was to be seen. The matter looked serious.

It seemed curious that Barney did not now appear and make some signals to his friends below. But to the surprise of all he did not appear.

That he must know of the summary cutting off of his means of escape seemed certain. But yet he did not show himself.

One question now forced itself upon the travelers.

What was to be done?

It was no light problem, to be sure. Of course, one might say find another tree and throw another rope. But not a tree could be found.

If Barney would only appear now all could be remedied. Frank would need only to throw the line over the verge of the plateau, for Barney could catch it and secure it to some suitable object.

But the Celt, curiously enough, did not appear.

Frank whistled and shouted in vain. Fire-arms were exploded, in fact, every kind of a call made.

"That is queer," muttered Frank. "Something must have happened to Barney. He would have answered."

Of course, this announcement had a depressing effect upon all. They felt alarmed and sorry that Barney had tried the feat.

There was no certainty that he would ever return again. Perhaps it would mean a life exile.

Such a horrible thought had its effect upon Frank. He was determined to climb the wall of Raraima.

"I am going up there," he cried determinedly, "if I have to go home and build an air-ship."

All this while the friendly Incas had been watching the wonderful feats of their white acquaintances. The spectacle of Barney climbing that mighty distance up a rope was to them an awe-inspiring one.

Ilulo now advanced and engaged Frank in conversation. He assured the young inventor by signs that the position of Barney was one of great danger.

But the Incas seemed to have no suggestions to make for his rescue until suddenly Ilulo went to the steep wall, and indicated the existence of a cavern in it, and pointed westward.

"What is he driving at?" asked Dr. Vaneyke in a puzzled way.

"I really cannot understand," said Frank. Then he studied Ilulo's gestures again. And the more he studied them, the harder the Indian chief tried to make them comprehensive.

Until finally like a flash the truth burst upon the young inventor.

"I have it," he cried; "he means that a cavern exists in the Raraima wall which may possibly lead to the summit. It is west of here. By Jove, if I only knew it was the truth!"

"Do you mean that?" cried Vaneyke excitedly.

"I have good reason for thinking so."



"Let us test it. We must do something."

By way of reply Frank stepped into the pilot house. The Trap moved rapidly forward.

The Incas cheered and followed. Thus a number of miles were covered; but now darkness shut down.

The searchlight was employed, however, and in its pathway of light the Incas guided the way.

It was past midnight when suddenly a cleft in the great wall was seen. Between this the Trap glided over a rocky floor.

The next moment they were under the arches of a mighty cavern. The Trap had no difficulty in entering this. Indeed it seemed to expand as they proceeded.

But here the Incas halted. They seemed for a time the victims of superstitious dread and fear.

Frank stopped the Trap. Ilulo made sign talk to the effect that it was dangerous to go further. But Frank made reply that he could not abandon his project for any fear of that sort.

It became evident that the Incas dared not go further, and that it would be necessary to leave them behind.

So Frank shook hands with Ilulo, and the parting signs were made. Then the Incas turned back.

The cavern now began to wind upwards, and Frank had soon fathomed its character.

There was every indication that it was an old water course, by means of which some stream or body of water upon the plateau had worked its way downward and emptied itself into the valley below. Successive floods had doubtless enlarged the cavern to its present size.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ON THE PLATEAU—BARNEY'S RETURN.

If this was true there was no doubt but that they would reach the summit of the plateau. It was an exciting anticipation.

On crept the Trap up through the rising passage.

It seemed an interminable time before the machine finally emerged upon the open ground and into the outer air again.

The voyagers saw the high walls of a canyon upon either side. Above was the starry sky.

But all drew a deep breath for the great truth burst upon them. They were upon the summit of the plateau of Raraima.

Along the canyon the machine picked its way.

It was indeed surprising that the ascent should have been made in such a way and so easily.

"Now what sticks me," said Vaneyke, vaguely, "is why none of the Raraima tribe descend into the valley when it is such an easy matter by means of this cavern."

"It is possible that they are not aware of its presence, or at least that it leads down to the valley," said Frank.

"True!" agreed Vaneyke. "Or again some superstitious fear or religious law may confine them to the plateau."

"However it is," said Frank, "we shall very soon force our acquaintance upon them."

"Which may not be agreeable to them."

"That is true!"

"We may have trouble with them."

"So far as that goes we are well prepared for any foe," declared Frank. "If they attack us we must defend ourselves. But we will not live in any such anticipation."

"I hope that we shall be able to make friends with them. I am very anxious to get a look at them. How far from daybreak are we?"

"It is an hour off only," replied Frank. "We will run out of this canyon, and then for some sleep and a little something to eat."

So the Trap presently ran out of the canyon. A great region lay about them, which they could not well scan in such darkness. But they were on the island in the air.

And they had been able to bring the Trap with them. Surely better luck could not be desired.

But Frank did not attempt to carry the exploration further in the dark. The adventurers now turned in for much needed sleep.

They slept until long after the sun was up. Then Pomp prepared a fine morning meal.

"Suah I hope we fin' dat I'ishman to-day, sah," said the darky, hopefully. "I done fink suffin' happened to him."

Frank's first object was to find Barney. But the travelers just now were engrossed in the strange region spread before them.

It was unlike anything they had ever seen before. To the north was a great forest; to the west a rolling plain, with high lands in the distance.

To the east was a basin or deep lake of water. It was likely that this was the residue of a much larger body of water, the major part of which had vanished through the water course by means of which our friends had reached the plateau.

The shores of this lake were sandy and smooth. It covered several hundred acres and was fed by a number of brawling streams.

Beyond its expanse stretched a great forest. There were in it trees and shrubs of a species unknown to any other part of the world. Dr. Vaneyke was at once interested.

"We have hit upon a great discovery," he declared; "here is flora of an age long past, and extinct elsewhere upon the globe."

He was eager to begin his researches, so Frank ran the machine up to the edge of the forest and the doctor sprung out. In a few moments he was busily examining the newly discovered trees and collecting specimens of their bark and leaves.

To attempt a detailed description of them with their classical or scientific names would bore the readers, so we will not attempt it. The genial doctor, however, gave the nerves of his companions a jar with the jaw-breaking Latin names.

Meanwhile Frank had been studying the face of the country assiduously.

He was looking earnestly for some sign of the curious race of people who made a home on this plateau.

Far beyond the rolling plain he once fancied he saw a column of thin blue smoke.

After a while he turned his gaze toward the lake eastward. Then he gave a little start.

Upon its broad surface he saw what seemed to be a curious looking craft. He turned to Pomp.

"Bring me my strongest glass," he said. "I want to study that object."

"A'right, sah!"

Pomp quickly produced the glass. Frank took one look and said excitedly:

"It is a large canoe or proa and there are seven men in it. They are coming this way. Where is Vaneyke?"

Seeing the doctor yet among the trees, Frank shouted:

"Lively, doctor! the unknown inhabitants of this place are coming. There is no time to lose!"

Vaneyke hurriedly gathered up his specimens and rushed aboard the Trap. Frank steered the machine into a clump of trees near the shore.

That they had not been seen was a safe assumption. The Canoe came nearer every moment.

The occupants evidently intended to land upon the beach near where our friends were in hiding.

They were seven in number, and our adventurers trained their eyes to get a glimpse of them. It was an exciting moment.

Here was an undiscovered race of people. The purity of their race antedated almost anything else on earth, for there had certainly been no intermarriage with other nations.

They were dressed much after the simple fashion of Biblical tribes, in tunics and long robes. These were of some unknown texture, but showed that they knew the art of weaving and making cloth.

"Who knows but that they are the lost tribe of Israel," cried Dr. Vaneyke, "of course it seems hard to understand how they could have traveled all this way to this place, but we must remember that the face of the earth was different in those days."

"They certainly are unknown to the rest of the world," said Frank. "We will try and unravel the mystery very soon."

Nearer the canoe approached. It was headed straight for the spot where our adventurers were concealed.

A few moments later it skimmed into the little bay and was forced out upon the sands.

Then the occupants got out.

They were very near to our friends now, and every feature could be seen. Four of them were men and three were women. Two of the women carried babes in their arms.

The men were giants in stature, with fair skin, yellow hair, and handsome Greek features. They were tall, symmetrical and powerful.

The women were also tall and finely formed, with placid and mobile features. They were beautiful as is a piece of statuary, but lacked the expression and vivacity which makes radiant loveliness in these modern days.

The men were armed with very primitive weapons—battle axes of stone and rough metal, bows and arrows and heavy bludgeons. They carried between them what looked like a doe, which was of a pure white.

Undoubtedly it was a new species.

Dr. Vaneyke was devouring all through his glasses. He could hardly contain himself.

"Indeed, their methods are primitive as on the first day of creation," he declared. "It is plain to see that they are nomads."

"Why?" asked Frank.

"They are going to camp."

"What—here?"

"Yes."

The young inventor was astonished and not a little dismayed.

"Well," he said, dubiously, "in that case what shall we do? We shall be discovered."

"What of that? It will give us an opportunity to make their acquaintance."

"That may not be agreeable—at least to them."

The scientist shrugged his shoulders.

"It will be necessary if we hope to gain any valuable data," he said.

"I am consumed with curiosity to know from what source these people sprung."

"You may not be able to learn even then," said Frank. "I doubt if these people have records of their past."

"But they must have legends—memories, tales or such like," declared Vaneyke; "much of the world's history is based upon such."

"Which is not the most reliable."

"Very true, but it must needs be accepted in lieu of anything better. But, did I not tell you? They are going to camp."

The hunting party of nomads, for such they appeared to be, were chattering with each other in some outlandish tongue. It was impossible for our friends to understand them.



Two of the men began to dig a hole in the sand. The other two proceeded to flay and dress the doe.

The women collected fagots and placed them in the hole made by the men. Then fire was struck with flint and some pieces of tinder.

The fagots burned for some while until finally only a great bed of hot coals was left. Then the doe all dressed and prepared was laid bodily upon them.

Then the sand was heaped over the doe and the coals until a smoking bank of it was made.

"Golly!" muttered Pomp, "dat am a berry funny way fo' to cook a deer."

"That is the most primitive oven ever used by man," declared Vaneyke; "but you will find that the deer will be deliciously cooked in time."

And this proved true.

After waiting the necessary length of time, the nomads uncovered the doe and brought it forth cooked to a turn. The juicy meat was cut out in great flakes and devoured.

"Well," said Frank, with a laugh, "that is not bad. To tell the truth I would not object to a slice of that myself."

"Nor I," said Vaneyke. "Ah, what is wrong now?"

A stifled cry had come from the other side of the Trap. Frank and the doctor turned to behold an astonishing sight.

Over the rail came a rather dilapidated figure. Pomp assisted him and as his comical mug was seen fair and full, Dr. Vaneyke gasped:

"On my word it is Barney!"

"Barney!" ejaculated Frank.

"It's mesilf, sor," said the Celt, bowing and scraping. He was truly a sight to behold.

His clothing was tattered and torn, and his whole appearance that of one who had been through a rough experience.

His friends crowded about him in amazement, and Frank asked:

"How did you get here, Barney?"

"Shure, sor, I hardly know," replied the Celt, in a puzzled manner, "but I was on the other shore av that lake whin I see the Trap, an' shure I med for it. Howiver did yez git it up here?"

"We found an underground passage," said Frank, "but I do not understand you. What became of you after you reached the summit of the plateau? Why did you not answer our signals?"

Barney scratched his head reflectively.

"Shure, sor, I was niver able to do that," he replied. "The devil had me, an' I cum near niver drawing me breath agin."

"How was that?" asked Frank.

The Celt told his story.

"Whin I wint over the edge av the cliff," he said, "shure I was faint an' dizzy. I climbed away from the edge fer fear I'd fall, an' thin laid down to compose mesilf an' get over me dizziness.

"While layin' there half sinseless loike, some bloody crather loike a woid cat jumped onto me. Shure it was the foight av me loife!

"I kilt the crather afther a long foight. Thin I fainted away. Whin I cum to I crawled to the edge av the cliff an' looked over. I seen that the tree was gone an' the Trap too. Sez I to mesilf, 'Barney O'Shea, it's an unlucky day fer yez.' There was no use of me stayin' there so I wint wandherin' about, an' havin' every koind av adventures whin I cum to this lake, and shure I see the Trap on the other soide. That's all, sor."

"Well," cried Frank, "that was a lucky development. I can assure you that we are glad to have you back, Barney. Ah, what is that?"

A great cry had come from the nomads. They had sprung up and were in a state of most intense alarm and fear. What did it mean?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PAVED ROAD—THE CITY.

A DISTANT loud cry had caused all the excitement. It was a loud, booming shout, and evidently a signal.

The nomads were on the qui vive. The men held weapons in hand, and the women had retreated to the canoe.

"What's up?" asked Frank in surprise. Can you understand it?"

Vaneyke shook his head.

"I should think that they were looking for the approach of a foe."

"A human foe?"

"So it would seem."

"What?" exclaimed Frank in amazement. "Can it be that there are two warlike tribes on this island in the air?"

"It may be. Among people of such limited powers of reasoning there is always dissension and strife."

"Why, I should think one faction might drive the other over the verge of the plateau and to destruction."

"Ah, but their forces may be so equally divided that that is impossible."

"True," agreed Frank; "but it is a curious state of affairs."

"Begorra, it luks loike a foight," cried Barney. "Shure, they're foirin' arrows already."

This was true. The nomads with the flaxen hair had begun to shoot arrows to the westward. Suddenly arrows began to whistle about them.

The women crouched down in the canoe. The men threw themselves flat upon the sand, only rising to fire at their assailants.

These latter had not as yet come into sight. They were obscured by a deep copse just over a rise of land.

Their position was by no means as exposed as that of the natives on the beach. The latter soon discovered this disadvantage.

Therefore they did what was really the wisest thing for them to do, and this was to beat a retreat.

At a concerted moment they sprang up and into the canoe. Quick as a flash they bent to their paddles.

Loud yells of derision and a flight of arrows followed them. One of the rowers suddenly bent forward and clutched at a shaft which entered his breast.

But they were soon beyond range and safe. Down upon the beach now bounded their foes.

To the surprise of our adventurers they were seen to be of a distinctive type.

They were shorter of stature, darker of skin and had long black hair and beards. They also seemed better armed and equipped and a better type of fighting man.

"The Greeks and the Romans," muttered Vaneyke. "Here are certainly the two types. How wonderful! It takes one back to ancient times."

"You are right," agreed Frank, "but the Romans were the greatest warriors, I believe."

"Indeed they were. However, I am glad the Greeks escaped."

It was agreed to call these people of the plateau Greeks and Romans in lieu of better names. So Frank said:

"The Romans seem to recognize that fact. To tell the truth, my sympathies are with the Greeks. They seem a gentler class of people."

"So they do. These Romans are truly sons of Mars."

The outlook for our travelers was now a most exciting and interesting one. Certainly they could have hoped for nothing more exciting.

They had gained the plateau of mystic Raraima to find that it was inhabited by rival races, and of types synonymous with those of ancient history.

They were at war upon each other. This promised incident and of the most thrilling sort.

The genial doctor rubbed his hands delightedly and walked up and down the platform.

"This is a discovery which will set the world agog," he muttered, "and to think that we should be the fortunate ones to make the discovery!"

But at this moment a warning whistle came from Barney.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank.

"Shure, sor, they've found our tracks!"

A glance was sufficient to show that this was the truth. A number of the Romans were examining the wheel marks of the Trap made in the sand.

They were apparently much puzzled, and there ensued an excited discussion over them.

Finally they proceeded to follow them. But to the surprise of our friends it was away from the Trap instead of toward it.

Down toward the canyon the plateau warriors went until they finally entered it.

Then Vaneyke turned to Frank, and whispered:

"What shall we do? If we stay here they will soon come back and discover us."

"Right," agreed Frank. "We will run out into the grassy country where the trail will soon lose itself."

"Then you don't intend to make the acquaintance of these people?"

"It will serve our purpose better not to for awhile," replied Frank.

The young inventor took the wheel out of Barney's hand and guided the machiae himself.

He skirted the verge of the forest until out of sight of the lake. Then he struck out across the open country.

For some miles the Trap ran on at a fair rate of speed. Suddenly Frank jammed the lever down and came to a halt.

"What is that?" he exclaimed. "It looks like a paved road."

"A paved road!" exclaimed Vaneyke. "So it is."

Across the rolling plain there extended a way paved with blocks of clean cut granite. It was fully forty feet in width, and its lines were as accurate as if laid out by a skilled surveyor.

"If I remember my teachings aright," cried the doctor, "the Romans had a penchant for building roads."

"Right!" agreed Frank. "But what magic power has transported Greeks and Romans to the Raraima plateau?"

This was a question not easily answered, nor was the attempt made.

The Trap entered upon the paved road, and ran along for some miles. It ascended gradually, until finally the highest point was reached, and a grand view of the country beyond was had.

It was a scene which the voyagers never forgot.

"The land of the Romans!" ejaculated Frank, "and there is Rome, only it does not sit upon seven hills, nor indeed upon one."

There was no mistaking the fact.

Nestled in the middle of a long green clad valley was a small city. The buildings were low-roofed and primitive, but there were many of them. It was certainly a city.

That it was the city of the dark-haired warriors there was no doubt. The stone paved road led down to it.

Even at that distance knots of people could be seen in the streets and suburbs of this town. The region about was diversified into plantations for the plateau people evidently knew how to cultivate the soil.



The travelers gazed upon the scene spell-bound. It was some while before they gave up the scrutiny.

Then Barney clutched Frank's arm, and said:

"Shure, sor, there's somethin' comin' behindt us, sor, an' I'm afther thinkin' it's safer to get into the cover av that clump of trees yonder, sor!"

"You are right," agreed Frank, and the machine took up this position, where it was hidden by the foliage but yet the explorers could see all about them.

Up the paved road some sort of a conveyance was certainly coming. Frank could not bring himself to believe that horses were in use on the plateau.

The conveyance drew nearer. Then a revelation followed.

There were no horses attached to the rude vehicle. It was drawn by men.

It was nothing more nor less than a huge van of the very crudest construction, with heavy wheels and axles of wood.

It was drawn by twenty stout men. Under a canopy upon the van was a sort of gaudily decorated throne, and upon this sat a man of commanding presence.

His whole appearance proclaimed him of royal birth. Two pages sat at his feet.

It was easy to understand now the purpose of the paved road. This was the king's chariot, and it was easier hauled and with less jolting for the royal bones over the stone pathway.

The explorers appreciated this fact easily, and thus one problem was solved. Curiously they watched the ponderous chariot pulled slowly over the stone roadway by the stout-limbed men.

Behind came several palanquins or roughly made and draped litters, carried by four or twelve men as required. In these probably rode the courtiers and nobles of the king's train. Back of these fully two hundred armed barbarians marched.

Despite their rude dress and homely equipments, so sturdily and grandly did these men bear themselves, that the pageant was not without its effect of grandeur, and the explorers could not help being deeply impressed.

It was easy to imagine that these were old Spartan times, when to be a hero meant much, and when the world was far more genuine in bulk than it is to-day.

There seemed nothing licentious or even vulgar about these earnest-faced, stout-armed barbarians. They seemed above selfish or sardid ends.

They were not aware of the nearness of the Trap and the visitors from the civilized world. They passed rapidly and insensibly by.

When the last man had passed, Dr. Vaneyke drew a deep breath and said:

"It is easy to see how primitive man might have remained, had his sphere been always as limited as that of these poor fellows."

"Then the world owes much to the spirit of adventure and exploration which pervaded the breast of man in the east," declared Frank.

"You are right, Frank. All else is due to the development of brain faculty which stimulated invention. The steam vessel, the railroad and the telegraph. All these have made civilization what it is to-day."

"Bogorra, it's big times they're afther having down there!" cried Barney.

It was easy to see that this was the truth. A great throng of people had come out of the city and were cheering the pageant vociferously. Their shouts were easily heard.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AROUND THE CITY.

THE explorers now held a consultation. They were really at a loss to know just what to do.

If they should boldly go down and try to make friends with the warlike inhabitants of this half of the island in the air, it was not easy to say what the result would be.

There might be a battle fought upon the spot. The barbarians, if such they were, might take exceptions to the liberty assumed by the visitors.

Frank had no fears for the result. With his dynamite gun and the Winchesters he could exterminate the entire gang.

But this he would not think of doing.

It would be downright murder. Moreover he knew that these were the class of people who generally fought for a principle and relinquished it only in death.

He could not have the heart to wage such a battle or even to risk it. So he was in a quandary.

"If I was only sure they would meet us in a friendly spirit, I would go down at once," he declared; "but I fear they will not."

"But what other move have we?" fretted Vaneyke. "Surely we ought to meet these people and study them in the interest of science."

"It would hardly be in the interest of science to exterminate them."

"It would hardly be necessary to do that. No doubt they would yield after a sharp repulse."

Frank shook his head.

"Not much," he declared; "the old Spartans had not half the spirit these men have. They would fight to the last man if they once got started."

"What shall we do then?"

"I have a plan."

"What is it?"

"I do not know that it will work well, but I fancy it. Suppose in-

stead of going boldly down to their city, we watch our chance and fall in with a few of them. We can judge from their conduct what to expect."

"Capital!" agreed Vaneyke; "if we find them friendly it is safe to assume that the others will be."

"Just so!"

"Let us put it into execution at once."

"All right."

Frank ran the Trap out of its cover and upon the stone paved road. Slowly on toward the city it rolled.

Finally a deep wood was reached. The Trap swept around a curve and came full upon a dozen armed hunters, who were standing over a white doe which they had just killed.

"Heigho!" cried Vaneyke; "this is our chance. Now for it."

The machine came to a halt. The effect upon the plateau natives was curious.

They turned and instantly fell into all attitudes of surprise.

Frank took advantage of this to step out onto the front platform and make amicable signs.

The barbarians stared at him, disregarded the signs, and seemed to take a terrific alarm.

They drew back, gave utterance to loud, excited whoops, and made menaces to Frank. The young inventor saw at once the hopelessness of the feat he had undertaken.

"No use!" he muttered, and stepped back into the pilot house. He was not a moment too soon.

An arrow grazed his cheek. An inch nearer and it would have been serious. Dr. Vaneyke was satisfied.

"All right, Frank!" he cried. "I see that you cannot reason with them. We had better avoid them!"

Frank's lips were tightly set.

"They are unmannerly and unfriendly curs!" he said, "but I mean to see their city anyway. We will run down and take a look at it. They can do us no harm."

"Good!" cried the doctor with sparkling eyes, "that is the kind of talk I like."

But matters in front now engrossed the attention of all.

The barbarians had by one impulse started for the machine. It was evident that they meant to attack it.

They were brandishing their weapons furiously and came on like a whirlwind. Powerful fellows they were.

Frank had no idea, however, of killing any of them unless he was compelled to. So he started the Trap ahead.

But these intrepid warriors flung themselves madly in front of the machine. They were furious and desperate.

As a result several of them were crushed beneath the wheels. But two managed to clutch the rail.

Over upon the deck they came. They dashed their heavy bludgeons against the pilot-house window.

This was too much for Barney and he shot one of them through the leg. Pomp pinked the other in the shoulder.

They fell off the platform and the Trap went thundering down the stone road, clear of its assailants.

Frank saw that he had not misjudged these people.

They would fight to the last dying gasp. They were barbarous and obstinate. It was useless to try and make friends with them.

Down toward their city thundered the machine.

It was quickly within easy distance. Already the panic had spread to the city.

The explorers saw great crowds rushing out to intercept the newcomer. The city street was black with them.

But Frank had no idea of entering the city.

He kept on until in its very outskirts. A great throng had come out to defend the city. Frank avoided these.

He switched off to the left and made a complete circle of the city. So swiftly was it done that none of the barbarians could get within reach of him.

Nor did Frank intend that they should. He dodged them at every point.

On swept the Trap.

Dr. Vaneyke was on the upper deck taking in every detail. He saw that the city was neatly kept, and built of sun-dried brick and stone.

None of the houses were over one story high. Some of them were dugouts, or mere burrows in the ground covered with logs.

But he judged that fully two thousand people lived in this city.

What a formidable array they would constitute if turned out. Details he could not secure; but the cursory glance showed him much.

It was the strangest city he had ever gazed upon.

Round the city the Trap went.

It required some little time, but in that circuit the whole place was seen as in a panorama.

Then Frank switched back onto the stone road. The Trap fairly flew up this.

The entire population turned out in chase. But they might as well have spared themselves the trouble.

They could not catch the flying Trap, which soon was miles up the stone road. Frank now declared:

"We have not been able to make friends with the Romans, now let us try the Greeks."

"Perhaps they will be less warlike," ventured the doctor.

"Correct!" cried Frank. "I believe we shall be able to make friends with them; at least we'll try."



The rise of land was soon reached, and the machine went speeding down on her return. But she was not yet out of the woods.

Before many miles had passed in this way, a large party of the plateau natives appeared in a cut. It was certain that they meant to intercept the machine if they could.

Frank took a good glance at them. It irritated him much.

"I hate to destroy them," he muttered. "Why don't the fools get out of the way?"

"They have very little sense," cried the doctor.

"Luk out, Misther Frank," shouted Barney. "Shure, there's a log across the road!"

They had dragged a huge log across the stoneway. Frank saw with a thrill that he must leave the road.

At such a rate of speed he disliked to do this. The ground on either side looked a trifle marshy.

And so it was, as the immediate catastrophe proved.

With a jolt and a jar the Trap left the smooth road. Out it shot upon the green sward.

It could run fast enough even there, but an unexpected thing happened. Suddenly and without warning, the machine pitched forward, gave a terrific lurch, and lay half upon its side.

The dynamos buzzed, every portable thing aboard was hurled about and the voyagers were more or less injured.

It was an exasperating incident.

The forward wheels of the machine had sunk into a mire pit, and here it lay with wheels submerged.

"Golly fo' glory!" yelled Pomp, "we'se struck hard luck dis time. Dat nigh bruk mah two shins!"

"Be jabers it's a pity it didn't take yez in the head instid."

"Hi dar! wha' yo' mean yiz dat, sahi!" spluttered Pomp, angrily.

"Be jabers, yez head ain't quite so soft! Divil a bit wud yez have felt it!"

Pomp grumbled and growled, but said no more. The Celt seemed to have the best of him.

But the position of the Trap was now a serious one.

Of course the mob of plateau natives were delighted. They fancied that their prize was all won.

But there's many a slip and so forth. Barney and Pomp were ready with their Winchesters when the crew came.

At such short range the slaughter was dreadful. The attacking party flung themselves recklessly forward.

But they might as well have attempted to assail Gibraltar. The deadly fire so mysterious withal to them perforce drove them back.

They were valorous when it came to matters of mundane sort. But the superstitious element was strong in their compositions as it is in the breasts of all ignorant or uneducated peoples.

Baffled and terrified by that which they did not understand, they retreated to the cover of a copse near.

But this was easily within range, and Frank said:

"Dislodge them! We must drive them back to a safe distance?"

"You are right," cried Vaneyke, "for reinforcements are coming from the city!"

This was seen to be true. So the explorers opened a hot fire upon the copse. Nothing living could stand it and the dark haired natives were obliged to flee.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE MOUNTAIN FORTRESS.

As they were now beyond bow-shot Frank felt that the danger was for the nonce over.

So he applied himself to the problem of getting the Trap out of the mire pit. This was no light undertaking.

For a time it was not clearly seen how this was to be done.

To attempt it with shovels or scoops would be folly. In fact, it would be impossible, so thin was the mire.

Frank Reade, Jr., however, was not long without an expedient.

He would have belied his reputation as an inventor else. He went into the lower compartment of the Trap and brought out some heavy coils of cable.

"I put these aboard for just such an exigency as the present," he declared. "It was lucky that I did."

There was need of extreme haste. A great throng were rushing out of the city below.

Barney and Pomp carried the cable with blocks and tackle to the trunk of a stout eucalyptus tree near. One end of the cable was fastened about this, and the other end connected with the axle of the Trap.

The electric engines were then started. The blocks creaked and groaned, and the wheels whirled in the soft mire throwing it many feet high.

For a few moments it looked as if the experiment was going to be a failure.

But presently the wheels got a grip and the machine moved. Slowly but surely it came out of the mire.

A great cheer went up from the explorers at their success. But they were not a moment too soon.

Hundreds of the plateau people were crowding up the causeway, and Frank knew that such vast numbers might have resulted in the ultimate capture of the Trap.

But there was little danger of that now. He quickly drew the rope and tackle aboard, and the Trap started back to the causeway.

The coast was made clear to the eastward now, and passing around the obstruction, Frank sent the vehicle ahead at a lively rate of speed.

His intention now was to leave the western half of the plateau and pay a visit to that part inhabited by the Greeks, so-called.

Frank believed that they were not so fierce and war-like as the dark-haired race. He imagined that it would not be difficult to make friends with them.

So the Trap dashed down the paved road at a rate which soon distanced the pursuers. It was not long before the canyon, by which they had gained the plateau, came into view.

Then they skirted the shores of the lake and emerging from a deep wood, came upon a marvelous scene.

Great jagged peaks and heights, defiles and gorges of solid rock, lay in a conglomerated mass before them. It looked like a veritable Inferno.

The rocks took all sorts of fantastic shapes. There were battlements and buttresses, towers and walls, escarpments and donjons, all like some mighty castle erected by the hands of nature.

At the base of this wonderful region the Trap came to a stop. The voyagers gazed in astonishment.

"On my word!" cried Vaneyke, "it is a natural fortress. It out-rivals anything I ever saw before."

"Same here!" agreed Frank; "do you suppose the Greeks live in those fortresses?"

"I'll warrant they do."

"Then let us try and make their acquaintance," said Frank. "I hope they will prove friendly!"

"So do I!"

The machine was pushed forward and into a little pass. Suddenly there appeared armed men on the rocky wall ahead.

They were of the Greek race as the young inventor saw. The distant sound of horns and rude drums was plainly heard.

In a jiffy the wall swarmed with giant men. They were armed with bows and spears and battle clubs. That they meant business was certain.

They regarded the Trap with evident wonderment. That it was some invention of their Roman foes they felt certain.

Frank, however, ran a white flag up over the pilot house. Then he stepped boldly out on the front platform and made amicable signs.

This created a sensation among the Saxon haired warriors. A loud buzz of talk was heard.

Then as they saw that the occupants of the machine were of another race their attitude changed.

Down from the battlements came two of the fair-skinned warriors. One of them was of lordly bearing, and his hair was white as driven snow.

They came unarmed and with uplifted hands. Frank recognized the truce and descended to meet them.

When not a dozen yards lay between them, the parley was opened. It did not take Frank long to invent a sort of sign language with them.

The Greek truce bearers asked all manner of questions, and were much astonished to learn that the visitors were from the land below the plateau.

They were never aware that the cavern in the canyon led thither, but even if they had known it the laws and religion of their people forbade their leaving the plateau.

Frank told them of his experiences with the Romans, and this seemed to interest and please the Greeks much. They were at once friendly with the visitors.

The white haired chief explained to Frank as well as he was able by sign talk that his people were not warlike, but that they were constantly obliged to carry arms against the Romans.

The latter vastly outnumbered them, but the Greeks were so securely installed in their mountain fortresses that they could not be dislodged.

In their position one man could hold a dozen at bay. Many times the savage Romans had attacked the mountain fortress, but they had always been repulsed.

Word had been sent back to the other Greeks that the strange visitors from the world below were friendly. This brought a large number of the Greeks into the defile.

As a result the king or ruler himself came down. He was a mild-mannered giant, with the kindest of ways and treated our explorers in a very friendly way. Frank was delighted to find that he was to become so friendly with these people.

Four or five hundred of the people now filled the gorge. They could not recover from their wonderment at and admiration of the Trap.

Frank showed a number of the dignitaries of the tribe aboard the machine. Then he was invited to visit the mountain city of the Greeks.

A devious way through an intricate pass was followed, until finally they came out into a little pocket among the heights.

Here was the home of these plateau people. There were rude dwellings of stone, and many dwellings were hewn out of the solid rock.

It was as secure and comfortable a retreat as could be imagined, and our travelers were delighted with it.

"I am glad that we have made friends with these people," said Vaneyke. "Now I shall hope to learn much of value concerning their origin."

He proceeded to interrogate the old men of the tribe for the rest of the day.

But not knowing their language made it tedious and difficult work.



However, by means of diagrams drawn in the sand and many signs, the scientist learned something.

"They fear a Great Deity," he said, "and they have a well defined legend of the creation and the flood. In most respects they are good Christians."

"That is remarkable," agreed Frank. "Is it their belief that this has always been the home of their people?"

"No," replied the doctor. "They speak of a distant time when their people came hither from a far land, where they were persecuted by foes."

"But the Romans," asked Frank; "what of them?"

"Now, you are getting too deep for me," declared the scientist. "I have been unable to learn anything about them yet."

Before more could be said, Barney came rushing in with a wild cry.

"Och, hone, Mither Frank, there's the devil to pay! Thim black-haired rapsallions have cum down an' attacked the outer works, sor, an' there's a devil av a foight goin' on!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TOUR OF EXPLORATION.

In an instant Frank was upon his feet.

"Is that true?" he cried excitedly; "they have followed us here then?"

"Shure that's it, sor!"

"You can hear distant sounds of conflict," said Vaneyke. "Listen, Frank!"

"I hear it!" replied the young inventor. "Come on you two, Pomp, stay with the machine. Take your Winchesters!"

In a trice the three men were ready. They set off at once to the scene of excitement.

The Greeks were in a state of great commotion. Women and children were rushing to hide in the fastnesses, while the men were going rapidly to the scene of battle.

Climbing over the rocky heights Frank and Barney and Vaneyke quickly came upon the scene.

It was a thrilling one.

An immense body of the Romans had crowded into a gorge and were fighting hand to hand with the Greeks.

They meant to win an entrance. It was possible that they might have succeeded, so sudden was their attack, had it not been for the Winchesters.

It was easy for Frank and his companions to take up a commanding position and open a murderous fire. The dark-haired barbarians were mowed down like sheep.

This encouraged the Greeks, who fought lustily. The strange "fire-sticks" of their allies were a source of wonder to them.

For fully an hour the battle raged furiously.

Then the stubborn Romans, leaving heaps of their slain, were forced slowly back.

They finally abandoned the attack.

Their repulse had cost them dear. It was a great victory for the Greeks. But they were not insensible to the fact that they owed much to their allies.

From that moment the latter were the lions of the hour with them. Nothing was too good for them.

Darkness came on. As there was some danger of a night attack torches and guards were placed in the main pass.

But Frank ran the machine up to a commanding position and sent the rays of the search-light down through the pass.

This was a revelation to the Greeks. The dazzling light, as powerful as the sun, was to them a marvelous thing. They treated it with reverence.

A fete was held in the mountain fortress that night. Our adventurers were the guests of honor.

Barney and Pomp had a high old time. The Greeks brewed a bewitching nectar akin to yellow wine, which just caught the taste of all.

What matter if the two jokers did drink a little more of it than was necessary? It was a special occasion and Frank winked at it.

The next day the Romans renewed the attack feebly. But their repulse was instant and signal.

Frank was responsible for this.

The young inventor believed that he could avert further bloodshed by a determined move. He placed a projectile in the pneumatic gun.

"What are you going to do, Frank?" asked Dr. Vaneyke.

"Put an end to this business," cried the young inventor, grimly.

"Will it not be slaughter?"

"Not necessarily."

Up the gorge the Romans were coming. Frank trained the gun for a jutting part of the canyon wall just in front of them. Then he pressed the button.

The projectile struck the corner of granite. There was a thunderous roar. A great cloud of smoke, fire and debris rose for an instant. Then down came tons of rock into the gorge.

In confusion the Roman column fell back to avoid the falling stones. Such a phenomenon was to them little short of magical.

It could not be a bolt from the heavens, for they were clear. What manner of men were these who could perform such terrific feats?

It was enough for the savage but credulous barbarians. They retreated in discomfiture and dismay.

But they encamped at what they considered a safe distance, though Frank smiled at this.

"I can dislodge them from there if necessary," he said, as he measured the distance with his eye.

The Greeks were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to Frank. But the young inventor modestly withdrew to his cabin.

There later Vaneyke joined him.

"Well, doctor," said Frank, "we have accomplished the object of our trip, have we not?"

"Most magnificently," replied the scientist, warmly.

"Are you satisfied?"

"I am!"

"I don't see that we can gain anything further by staying here, do you?"

The doctor was staggered.

"Do you intend to return home right away?" he asked.

"When our mission is accomplished; we have visited Raraima. Found the key to the plateau and made the acquaintance of its two warlike tribes. We know fairly well its topography. But its resources and its flora and fauna are as yet unexplored by us."

"Which is to me the most important of all," declared the doctor.

"I suppose so."

"However, if you are anxious to return home——"

"Not until all the objects of the expedition are accomplished. The only way to do that, as I see, is to take a coast around the entire plateau. Then we ought to encounter enough of its animal life to judge whether there are different or extinct species to be found here."

"Good!" cried Vaneyke. "After that we can go home."

"But we must leave these people if we do that."

"Certainly."

"Suppose then we give the Romans a good drubbing on our way out so that they will not be likely to return and wreak their revenge on the Greeks?"

"I agree with you."

Frank called in the head man of the tribe and acquainted him with his purpose.

Of course the dignitary was profoundly sorry, but no objection could be raised. The Trap was made ready for leaving the mountain fortress.

Kind farewells were taken of the Greeks, or as our friends now learned the name of the tribe, the Vanoas. Then the machine moved down the pass.

Frank sent several dynamite shells into the camp of the dark-haired barbarians. It caused an instant and incontinent retreat.

Then after scattering the savage foe, Frank set out to the northward with the Trap.

It could not be over fifty or sixty miles to that verge of the plateau. In the country intervening, certainly much animal life must be found.

Into a dense forest the Trap ran.

It became necessary to put blades on the wheels to cut the underbrush so that the machine could get along. For miles progress was made thus.

But suddenly the machine ran out into a clearing.

Vaneyke, who had been constantly on the watch, clutched Frank's arm.

"Look!" he gasped, "stop the Trap."

Frank jammed the lever down. There before their eyes was an astonishing spectacle.

In the middle of the clearing stood several animals resembling the elk. But they were of giant size.

Indeed, one of them would make three of the ordinary elk.

"By jove!" exclaimed the young inventor in amazement, "did you ever see the beat of that?"

Vaneyke was busy making notes.

"If I could only get a set of their antlers," he muttered; "they would be worth a fortune at home."

"But we could never carry them aboard the machine," declared Frank.

"Ah, I suppose not. But look!"

The elk had seen the Trap and now took a sudden fright. Away they went crashing through the forest. They were out of sight in an instant.

Pursuit was idle, so the machine kept on its way. Suddenly, as they were skirting the bank of a small stream, Vaneyke saw something upon the opposite bank which made his heart stand still.

At first he took it for a huge wall of brown rock. But he saw a great gleaming tusk of ivory as large as the trunk of an ordinary tree, and above it a great eye which seemed fixed upon him in a sleepy fashion.

A mighty mountain of flesh rose up among the foliage. And now the monster was plainly visible.

The scientist gave a gasping cry.

"The megatherium!"

That the elephantine creature was indeed a specimen of the long-supposed-to-be extinct megatherium there was no doubt. The scientist was much excited.

He made copious notes. Then the huge monster seemed to take a sudden interest in the Trap.

It was deemed safest to be out of its reach, so Frank started the machine on.

For some hours they traveled on. Then nightfall came.

The next day at noon the northern verge of the plateau was reached. From here a great view of the Venezuelan country was had.

For three days the Trap made its way along the northern verge.



Several new and unheard of species of animals were discovered. Also many new plants and trees.

Truly Raraima had preserved much of the antediluvian life which is known only to the modern scientist in the geological drift.

Vaneyke was wholly satisfied, when one day Frank said:

"Suppose we turn our faces homeward. What say you?"

"I am very willing," replied the scientist; "my work is done."

So the Trap was started for the canyon by means of which they had reached the plateau.

They had now been over a week upon the island in the air. It was Frank's purpose to journey northward to Caraccas and thence ship home.

One day the Trap came out of the Raraima forest and upon a tableland. Below lay a white walled city.

They knew now where they were. They came back to the city of the "Romans," so called, and were but a short distance now from the canyon and the outlet of escape from Raraima. Frank started the machine down the steep descent and soon was skirting the plain to the southward.

But from a thicket some of the natives were started. These were seen running toward the town. But nothing further was seen of them from that moment.

Darkness shut down suddenly while they were yet some way from the canyon. The course could have been pursued by electric light.

But Frank decided to camp one more night on the island in the air. So he made everything ship-shape aboard the vehicle, and in a very short while all had retired to rest except Barney, who was on guard.

The night was balmy and dark as a pocket. It was one of those still, calm evenings, conducive to sleep and the tulling of one's nerves. Barney could hardly resist the influence. There was no apparent danger near at hand, so that fear did not conspire to keep him awake.

Fatal fact. The Celt, for the first time in his life, committed the terrible fault of sleeping at his post.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHICH IS THE END.

We can offer no excuse for Barney's omission. He was culpably at fault.

But the fact remains that he did sleep at his post. And strange figures were flitting in the gloom ghost-like about the Trap.

How long the Celt slept he never knew. When he awoke it was in a rude manner.

Cold fingers clutched his throat. A hiss sounded in his ears. He could not shriek or speak aloud.

All was darkness about him.

But he knew that strange hands held him, and he was picked up and carried from the platform of the wagon.

A few moments later he was bound to a tree.

Then he saw other forms being brought out of the Trap. He knew that they were prisoners like himself, and that they were Frank Reade, Jr., Pomp and Dr. Vaneyke.

All prisoners, and the Trap in the power of the dark-haired barbarians. This was the truth.

And the Celt knew that he was the man responsible for it all. He groaned aloud in horror.

"Och, murther, murther!" he whined, "phwativer shall I do! Shure, Misther Frank will niver fergive! Lack a day! Phwat a fool I am!"

But a voice sounded beside him.

"Barney, is that you?"

It was Frank's stern voice.

"Shure, sor, it is!"

"What happened to you? How did those rogues get aboard the Trap?"

Barney gave a groan.

"Shure, sor, it was all me fault," he said, huskily. "I fell ashleep, sor!"

"What! Asleep at your post?"

"Woe is me, sor!"

"I am surprised at you, Barney," said Frank, angrily. Then lapsed into silence.

"Golly! I done fink we is done fo'," exclaimed the darky, Pomp;

"dey will suah kill us an' take de Trap!"

"Mercy! We are lost!" ejaculated Vaneyke. "Let us however hope for the best."

"I hope the devils will kill me an' lave the rist av yez go!" groaned Barney.

But somewhat strangely the "Romans" seemed to forget their prisoners, and occupied themselves with running excitedly over the Trap.

They were so carried away with the enormity of their capture that they could not contain themselves.

Frank Reade, Jr., was in hopeless despair. He saw that the expedition was doomed to end in a terrible failure.

He felt sure that the "Romans" before they got through would destroy the machine and kill their captives. Nothing less could be expected.

Time passed and the barbarians were still engaged in ransacking the machine.

Frank groaned as he thought of the result if they should get hold of any of the dynamite.

It was a great time for the captors. They were in a state of great hilarity.

And thus matters went on until morning came at last.

Then the natives proceeded to make a fire and cook their morning meal. After that they held a council.

Then three of them came up and cut Frank's bonds. He was led before the chief of the tribe.

By means of signs and diagrams they made him a proposition.

It was in substance that if he would show them how to make the Trap go his life would be spared. Frank in reply proposed to make it operate for them.

But the wily leader would not fall into this snare. Frank saw finally that it was of no use to try to argue with them so he gave it up.

He positively refused their terms.

The result was that the barbarians waxed very angry.

He was hustled back to the tree and tied up again. Then the barbarians went back aboard the Trap.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," said Frank, anxiously, "I have no doubt they will end by smashing the vehicle all to pieces!"

"I suppose so!"

"If however they monkey with the key board then may set the Trap in motion. Whether they will know how to stop it or not is a question."

"I don't believe they will."

"Then they must take the consequences. Ah!"

Frank writhed in his bonds. He saw the Trap suddenly dart forward.

A dozen of the Romans were aboard, and their leader had been examining the keyboard. By the merest chance he opened the lever.

Instantly the machinery buzzed, and the vehicle shot forward. Straight out over the plain it went.

"My soul!" cried Dr. Vaneyke; "they will go to destruction. That is toward the verge of the plateau."

The other barbarians started, howling, after the machine. This left our adventurers alone.

"Massy sakes!" cried Pomp. "Dat am de ruin ob de Trap."

"Begorra, they're surely bound to go to smash over the precipice," shouted Barney. "We'll be after niver gittin' home now."

"If we could only cut our bonds!" ejaculated Frank. "We are alone. We might escape."

"I have a knife in my waistcoat pocket," cried Vaneyke; "if I could only make use of it."

Barney made a superhuman effort to slip his arms out of the bonds. And he succeeded.

"Whurroo!" he shouted; "shure it's meself as will soon get yez out av this!"

With quick hands he untied the cords about his ankles. Then he secured the doctor's knife and liberated the others.

It was a joyful moment.

In ransacking the Trap most happily the barbarians had heaped most of the effects upon the ground near. In their excitement they had gone off and left these.

Among them were the ammunition and weapons. The explorers took each his rifle and as much ammunition as he could carry.

Then they started for the canyon. There was no time to lose.

On they ran at full speed. At any moment they knew that the barbarians would return and give chase.

As to the fate of the Trap they could hazard a guess. When last seen it was headed for the verge of the plateau.

It was hardly likely that the barbarians knew how to stop it, or even to guide it.

In that event it must be ere now at the bottom of the Raraima wall. Certainly it would never survive that fall.

Yet, no explosion was heard as Frank believed would be the case with dynamite aboard. But the explorers did not turn back.

They reached the canyon later in the day.

Down into the cavern they rapidly descended. A half hour later they emerged upon the lower level.

Instinctively all looked up to the dizzy height above.

"My soul!" exclaimed Vaneyke, "if they have fallen all that distance I must pity them."

"They are beyond pity ere this," declared Frank.

"Then you think they went over?"

"Yes!"

"Oh!"

All stood still with a sense of awful horror. For at that moment a terrific explosion rent the air from a point just beyond an angle in the mountain wall. For a moment all were dazed.

"That was it," said Frank huskily.

"The trap," said Vaneyke.

"Yes."

"But—"

"What?"

"It should have reached the verge of the plateau before us."

"That is easily explained," said Frank. "No doubt it made a long detour steering itself and running at random until it finally went over."

With a common impulse the explorers set out for the spot.

They stumbled on over the rough ground for a quarter of a mile. Then they beheld a terrible scene.

It was a shattered heap of bowlders and pulverized rock, a deep hole in the ground, and the debris scattered over hundreds of feet.

Very little was left of the Trap. It had been wiped out of existence in a flash of time.

Appalled, the adventurers looked at each other.



"Hard luck," said Frank, coolly. "It looks like a walk home."  
 "Begorra, an' all fer me own fault," groaned Barney.  
 "It was too bad to see such a wonderful invention destroyed," said Vaneyke.

"Never mind," cried Frank, lightly, "we are clear of the enemy and have our lives. We ought not to find fault. We have sacrificed the Trap, but we have gained our ends. We have explored Raraima."

"Right," cried the doctor, "but who will recompense you for your loss, Frank?"

"I am fully paid," replied Frank. "Now, let us go home."

"Do you think those rascals went over with her?" asked Vaneyke.

Frank pointed to the mountain wall. There, crushed against the stone, was a bloody mass. It was part of a man's limb.

This was sufficient answer.

It was easy enough to pick up pieces of the Trap over a large area. But there was nothing worthy of preservation.

As Frank said, there was really nothing left for them to do now but to go home.

This meant a long, arduous tramp through a perilous region. It was proposed to return to Demerara.

But now a new obstacle confronted them.

Not one in the party was able to figure out the proper direction. They had no compass or other instruments to guide them now.

It looked blue for them indeed. But every cloud has its silver lining. Even their misfortunes were destined to reach an end.

Suddenly as they were debating the matter a chorus of cries reached them.

Instinctively they gripped their rifles and sprang up. But their fears vanished.

For there running towards them were a number of giant forms. They were the Incas, and Ilulo was at their head.

In a few moments a warm greeting was held. Then Ilulo and

his men listened with interest to the story of adventure on the plateau.

"But we are now badly stuck," said Frank in sign talk. "We know not the way to the Essequibo River."

To Frank's surprise Ilulo expressed his desire to guide the party thither. He knew the country well.

It is needless to say that the offer was accepted with alacrity. The party set forth at once.

And Raraima, the land of magic and mystery, was quickly left behind. There were few regrets.

But our voyagers were destined to remember for many a day their adventures upon the island in the air.

Perhaps, some day, it will be visited again by other explorers. But it is safe to say that their adventures cannot be more exciting.

Steadily through the wilderness the explorers and their giant guides proceeded. Days passed into weeks before they finally reached the Essequibo.

It was now only necessary to follow this river to the sea. So adieu was bid to the faithful Incas.

They returned to the wilds and our friends went on toward the sea.

As soon as they reached the navigable part of the river, progress was easy.

They procured passage on a small boat, and in due time reached Demerara.

Here they took a coast steamer for Caraccas. Thence they sailed for the port of New York.

They arrived home safely one fine day. With some emotion Vaneyke parted from them here and went on to Washington.

Frank with Barney and Pomp returned to Readestown. Nothing daunted Frank began work on a new invention to take the place of the Trap.

But they remembered for many a day the exciting times and thrilling incidents of their sojourn on the Island in the Air.

[THE END.]

## Useful and Instructive Books.

**HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.** Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple and almost costless. Read this book, and be convinced. "How to Become Beautiful." Price ten cents. For sale by book and newsdealers, or send ten cents to Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to your address, post paid.

**HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both the young and old. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also, tricks with cards, incantations, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro-magnetism, together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A.M., M.D. Containing over fifty illustrations. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.** Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada or will be sent to your address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 & 36 N. Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730

**HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States, or we will send it to you by mail, postage free, upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore St., New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over 300 interesting puzzles and conundrums with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore St., New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.**—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid by mail, upon receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.**—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it by mail, postage free, upon receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. By C. Stanfield Hicks. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.



# Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy.

**No. 1.**  
**Napoleon's Oraculum and Dream Book.**  
Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

**No. 2.**  
**HOW TO DO TRICKS.**  
The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

**No. 3.**  
**HOW TO FLIRT.**  
The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

**No. 4.**  
**HOW TO DANCE**  
Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

**No. 5.**  
**HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**  
A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

**No. 6.**  
**HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**  
Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

**No. 7.**  
**HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**  
Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

**No. 8.**  
**HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**  
A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, electricity, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents.

**No. 9.**  
**HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**  
By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

**No. 10.**  
**HOW TO BOX.**  
The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

**No. 11.**  
**HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.**  
A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

**No. 12.**  
**HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.**  
Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

**No. 13.**  
**How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.**  
It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

**No. 14.**  
**HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**  
A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

**No. 15.**  
**HOW TO BECOME RICH.**  
This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

**No. 16.**  
**HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**  
Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

**No. 17.**  
**HOW TO DRESS.**  
Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

**No. 18.**  
**HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**  
One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

**No. 19.**  
**FRANK TOUSEY'S**  
**United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.**

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

**No. 20.**  
**How to Entertain an Evening Party.**  
A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

**No. 21.**  
**HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**  
The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

**No. 22.**  
**HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**  
Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

**No. 23.**  
**HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**  
Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

**No. 24.**  
**HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**  
Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

**No. 25.**  
**HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**  
Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

**No. 26.**  
**HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**  
Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

**No. 27.**  
**HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

**No. 28.**  
**HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**  
Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

**No. 29.**  
**HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**  
Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

**No. 30.**  
**HOW TO COOK.**  
One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

**No. 31.**  
**HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**  
Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

**No. 32.**  
**HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.**  
Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

**No. 33.**  
**HOW TO BEHAVE.**  
Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

**No. 34.**  
**HOW TO FENCE.**  
Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

**No. 35.**  
**HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**  
A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

**No. 36.**  
**HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**  
Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

**No. 37.**  
**HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**  
It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, solian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

**No. 38.**  
**HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**  
A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

**No. 39.**  
**How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.**  
A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw. Price 10 cents.

**No. 40.**  
**HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**  
Including hints on how to catch Mole, Weasels, Otter, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents.

**No. 41.**  
**The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.**  
Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents.

**No. 42.**  
**The Boys of New York Stump Speaker.**  
Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price. Address  
**Box 2730, FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.**



# Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT COMIC LIBRARY.

- No. 60 Jack Hawser's Tavern, by Peter Pad  
61 Ikey; or, He Never Got Left, by Tom Teaser  
62 Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag, by Peter Pad  
63 Two in a Box; or, The Long and Short of It, by Tom Teaser  
64 The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks, by Peter Pad  
65 Mike McQuinnness; or, Traveling for Pleasure, by Tom Teaser  
66 Th' Shorty's Christmas Snaps, by Peter Pad  
67 TL Bounce Twins, or, The Two Worst Boys in the World, by Sam Smiley  
68 Nimble Nip, the Imp of the School, by Tom Teaser  
69 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure, by Peter Pad  
70 Muldoon Out West, by Tom Teaser  
71 Those Quiet Twins, by Peter Pad  
72 Muldoon, the Fireman, by Tom Teaser  
73 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life on Fun, by Peter Pad  
74 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education, by Tom Teaser  
75 Tumbling Tim; or, Traveling With a Circus, by Peter Pad  
76 Judge Cleary's Country Court, by Tom Teaser  
77 Jac Ready's School Scrapes, by Peter Pad  
78 Muldoon, the Solid Man, by Tom Teaser  
79 Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere for Fun, by Peter Pad  
80 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village, by Tom Teaser  
81 Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a Combination, by Peter Pad  
82 The Funny Four, by Peter Pad  
83 Muldoon's Base Ball Club, by Tom Teaser  
84 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston, by Tom Teaser  
85 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack, by Tom Teaser  
86 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling, by Peter Pad  
87 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Philadelphia, by Tom Teaser  
88 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Sassy, by Tom Teaser  
89 Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something Like His Dad, by Tom Teaser  
90 Muldoon's Picnic, by Peter Pad  
91 Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels; or, Doing America for Fun, by Peter Pad  
92 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play, by Tom Teaser  
93 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins, by Tom Teaser  
94 The Aldermen Sweeney's of New York, by Tom Teaser  
95 A Bad Boy's Note Book, by "Ed"  
96 A Bad Boy at School, by "Ed"  
97 Jimmy Grimes, Jr.; or, the Torment of the Village, by Tom Teaser  
98 Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and Scrapes at School, by Tom Teaser  
99 The Book Agent's Luck, by "Ed"  
100 Muldoon's Boarding House, by Tom Teaser  
101 Muldoon's Brother Dan, by Tom Teaser  
102 The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones, by Tom Teaser  
103 Senator Muldoon, by Tom Teaser  
104 The Shorty's Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets, by Peter Pad  
105 The Comical Adventures of Two Dudes, by Tom Teaser  
106 Muldoon, the Cop. Part I, by Tom Teaser  
107 Muldoon, the Cop. Part II, by Tom Teaser  
108 Billy Moss; or, From One Thing to Another, by Tom Teaser  
109 Truthful Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane, by Tom Teaser  
110 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass, by Tom Teaser  
111 The Deacon's Boy; or, The Worst in Town, by Peter Pad  
112 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks, by Peter Pad  
113 Jim, Jack and Jim; or, Three Hard Nuts to Crack, by Tom Teaser  
114 Smart & Co., the Boy Peddlers, by Peter Pad  
115 The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus, by Tom Teaser  
116 Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chip, by Peter Pad  
117 Young Dick Plunket; or, The Trials and Tribulations of Ebenezer Crow, by Sam Smiley  
118 Muldoon in Ireland; or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod, by Tom Teaser  
119 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part I, by Tom Teaser  
120 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part II, by Tom Teaser  
121 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun, by Tom Teaser  
122 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun, Part II, by Tom Teaser  
123 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part I, by Tom Teaser  
124 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part II, by Tom Teaser  
125 Muldoon's Hotel. Part I, by Tom Teaser  
126 Muldoon's Hotel. Part II, by Tom Teaser  
127 Muldoon's Christmas, by Tom Teaser  
128 The Shorty's Christmas Rackets, by Peter Pad  
129 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part I, by Peter Pad  
130 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part II, by Peter Pad  
131 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun, Part I, by Tom Teaser  
132 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun, Part II, by Tom Teaser  
133 Out For Fun; or, Six Months With a Show, by Peter Pad  
134 Dick Duck, the Boss of the Town, by Tom Teaser  
135 The Shorty's Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part I, by Sam Smiley  
136 The Shorty's Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part II, by Sam Smiley  
137 Aunt Maria; or, She Thought She Knew It All, by Sam Smiley  
138 Muldoon In Chicago; or, The Solid Man at the World's Fair, by Tom Teaser

All the above libraries are for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

# Latest Issues of Frank Reade Library

By "Noname."

Price 5 Cents.

- No. 81 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship the "Zephyr"; or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part I.  
82 Frank Reade, Jr. a New Electric Air-Ship, the "Zephyr"; or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part II.  
83 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Snow Cutter.  
84 Lost in the Great Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Submarine Wonder, the "Dart."  
85 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse"; or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part I.  
86 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse"; or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part II.  
87 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Far Southwest.  
88 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip.  
89 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin."  
90 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Catamaran of the Air; or, Wild and Wonderful Adventures in North Australia.  
91 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search For a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.  
92 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, The Search For the Lost Savants.  
93 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Wonderful Trip Under the Deep Sea.  
94 Over the Andes With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.  
95 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.  
96 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls With His New Submarine Cruiser.  
97 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip With His Air-Ship.  
98 Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Sky Scraper"; or, North and South Around the World.  
99 Under the Equator from Ecuador to Borneo; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.  
100 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Trip Across Africa in His Electric "Boomerang."  
101 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.  
102 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip With His New Air-Ship, the "Eud."  
103 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Hard-Shell" Submarine Boat.  
104 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim With His New Electric Wagon.  
105 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Famous Trip With His Air-Ship, the "Orbit."  
106 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."  
107 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Lost in the Sudan With His "Overland Omnibus."  
108 The Chase of the Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip With His New Air-Ship the "Flash."  
109 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream.  
110 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Tour With His Bicycle Car.  
111 To the End of the Earth in an Air-Ship; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.  
112 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Subterranean Cruise in His Submarine Boat.  
113 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City With His New Overland Chaise.  
114 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth With His Air-Ship, the "Flight."  
115 For Six Weeks Buried in a Deep Sea Cave; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Submarine Search.  
116 The Galleon's Gold; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Search.  
117 Across Australia With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Electric Car; or, Wonderful Adventures in the Antipodes.  
118 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Flying Machine; or, Fighting the Terror of the Coast.  
119 On the Great Meridian With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, A Twenty-Five Thousand Mile Trip in Mid-Air.  
120 Under the Indian Ocean With Frank Reade, Jr.; or, A Cruise in a Submarine Boat.  
121 Astray in the Selvas; or, The Wild Experiences of Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp, in South America With the Electric Car.  
122 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure With His New Air-Ship.  
123 Six Sunken Pirates; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Adventures in the Deep Sea.  
124 Beyond the Gold Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Overland Trip With His Electric Phaeton.  
125 Latitude 90°; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.  
126 Afloat in a Sunken Forest; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., on a Submarine Cruise.  
127 Across the Desert of Fire; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Trip to a Strange Country.  
128 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Flight With His New Air-Ship.  
129 The Coral Labyrinth; or, Lost With Frank Reade, Jr., in a Deep Sea Cave.  
130 Along the Orinoco; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in Venezuela.  
131 Across the North; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Trip With His New Air-Ship.  
132 1,000 Fathoms Deep; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., in the Sea of Gold.

# Latest Issues of YOUNG SLEUTH LIBRARY.

By the author of "Young Sleuth."

Price 5 Cents.

- No. 75 Young Sleuth at Monte Carlo; or, The Crime of the Casino.  
76 Young Sleuth and the Man with the Tattooed Arm; or, Tracking Missing Millions.  
77 Young Sleuth in Demijohn City; or, Waltzing William's Dancing School.  
78 Young Sleuth in Siberia; or, Saving a Young American from the "Prison Mine."  
79 Young Sleuth Almost Knocked Out; or, Nell Blondin's Desperate Game.  
80 Young Sleuth and Billy the Kid Number Two; or, The Hidden Ranch of the Panhandle.  
81 Young Sleuth's Master Stroke; or, The Lady Detective's Many Masks.  
82 Murdered in a Mask; or, Young Sleuth at the French Ball.  
83 Young Sleuth in Paris; or, The Keen Detective and the Bomb-Throwers.  
84 Young Sleuth and the Italian Brigands; or, The Keen Detective's Greatest Rescue.  
85 Young Sleuth and a Dead Man's Secret; or, The Message in the Handle of a Dagger.  
86 Young Sleuth Decoyed; or, The Woman of Fire.  
87 Young Sleuth and the Runaway Circus Boys; or, Following a Pair of Wild New York Lads.  
88 Young Sleuth at Atlantic City; or, The Great Seaside Mystery.  
89 Young Sleuth, the Detective in Chicago; or, Unraveling a Mystery.  
90 The Man in the Safe; or, Young Sleuth as a Bank Detective.  
91 Young Sleuth and the Phantom Detective; or, The Trail of the Dead.  
92 Young Sleuth and the Girl in the Mask; or, The Lady Monte Cristo of Baltimore.  
93 Young Sleuth and the Corsican Knife-Thrower; or, The Mystery of the Murdered Actress.  
94 Young Sleuth and the Cashier's Crime; or, The Evidence of a Dead Witness.  
95 Young Sleuth in the Toils; or, The Death Traps of New York.  
96 Young Sleuth and the Miser's Ghost; or, A Hunt For Hidden Money.  
97 Young Sleuth as a Dead Game Sport; or, The Keen Detective's Kase for \$10,000.  
98 Young Sleuth and the Gypsies' Gold; or, The Package Marked "Z."  
99 Young Sleuth and Policy Pete, the Sharper King; or, The Keen Detective's Lottery Game.  
100 Young Sleuth in the Sewers of New York; or, Keen Work from Broadway to the Bowery.  
101 Young Sleuth and the Mad Bell Ringer; or, The Secret of the Old Church Tower.  
102 Young Sleuth's Unknown; or, The Man who Came Behind.  
103 Young Sleuth's Great Swamp Search; or, The Miss-Girl of Everglade.  
104 Young Sleuth and the Mad Doctor; or, The Seven Poisoned Powders.  
105 Young Sleuth's Big Bluff; or, Simple Sallie's Mission.  
106 Young Sleuth's Great Contract; or, The Keen Detective's Double Game.  
107 Young Sleuth's Night Watch; or, The Keen Detective Guarding Millions.  
108 Young Sleuth and the Mystery of the Dark Room; or, The Crime of the Photograph Gallery.  
109 Young Sleuth and the Gold Ship Robbery; or, Beating Bold Crooks on an Ocean Steamer.  
110 Young Sleuth and the Great Mine Mystery; or, Murdered Slender Gound.  
111 Young Sleuth and the Runaway Heiress; or, A Girl Worth Millions Among Desperate Crooks.  
112 Young Sleuth and the Haunted Mill; or, The Phantom Mystery of Dark Dell.  
113 Young Sleuth and the Millionaire Tramp; or, Diamonds Under Rags.  
114 Young Sleuth and the Masked Esther of Atlantic City; or, The Mystery of a Crime of the Surf.  
115 Young Sleuth and the Mad Artist; or, The Crime of the Studio.  
116 Young Sleuth's Best Find; or, The Secret of the Iron Chest.  
117 Young Sleuth's Lady Ferret; or, The Keen Detective's Beautiful Spy.  
118 Young Sleuth and a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing; or, Unmasking the Prince of Impostors.  
119 Young Sleuth's Boy Pupil; or, The Keen Detective's Street Boy Pard.  
120 Young Sleuth and the Sidewalk Prince; or, Neck to Neck With Hidden Poes.  
121 Young Sleuth and the Mysterious Model; or, The Secret of a Murdered Artist.  
122 Young Sleuth and the Lady Physician; or, The Mystery of the Poisoned Cup.  
123 Young Sleuth and the Actor's Strange Crime; or, The Murder Before the Footlights.  
124 Young Sleuth and the Madhouse Mystery; or, The Mystic Sign of 7.  
125 Young Sleuth and the Mystery of the Mill on the Marsh; or, The Indian Doctor's Dark Plot.  
126 Young Sleuth and the Female Snake Charmer; or, The Handcuffed Man of the Iron Room.  
127 Young Sleuth and the Boy Fence of the Bowery; or, The Queen of the Green Goods Men Outwitted.  
128 Young Sleuth and Lost Mr. Medway; or, The Hand Upon the Quicksand.  
129 Young Sleuth and the Copper Mine Mystery; or, The Detective's Underground Crawl.  
130 Young Sleuth and the Slaves of the Silver Dagger; or, The Mystery of the New Aladdin.  
131 Young Sleuth and the Lady Diamond Sharp; or, Desperate Play for Priceless Jewels.  
132 Young Sleuth and the Broadway Window Smasher; or, The Diamond Thief's Last Haul.  
133 Young Sleuth and the Boy Fence of the Bowery; or, Old Moll's Game for Gold.  
134 Young Sleuth and the Fatal Postage Stamp; or, Murdered by Mail.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street New York.